

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

VOL. 13.

MARCH, 1896.

No. 3.

Au Courant.

—:o:—

FIFTY years ago Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed for the first time at the Birmingham Festival. The jubilee will, no doubt, receive attention from many of our choral societies before the year is out, but so far the most interesting announcement is that Mr. Manns will direct a festival performance of the popular oratorio at the Crystal Palace in the month of June. Mr. F. G. Edwards' history of *Elijah*, for which Sir George Grove has written an introduction, is almost ready at Novello's, and when the book reaches the hands of the public it will be found to contain much fresh matter of an interesting and valuable kind. Something will of course be said about the English publication of the oratorio, which has proved so profitable to all concerned. In the middle of the forties, through the introduction of Sir Julius Benedict, the copyrights of the Scotch Symphony, the fourth book of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, and all Mendelssohn's subsequent works, were offered to the now defunct firm of Addison & Beale. The sum of £25 was asked for the Scotch Symphony, but Addison, declaring that the Italian Symphony had not sold well, offered only £20. Mendelssohn disliked this huckstering, and withdrew his music, which Benedict then took to Ewer & Co., of Newgate Street. Here the composer was met with greater liberality, so that Ewer & Co. secured *Elijah*, *Athalie*, the *Walpurgis Night*, and many other valuable works. In 1867 Messrs. Novello, whose musical adviser then was Sir Joseph Barnby, purchased all the copyrights of Ewer & Co. *Elijah* was published originally at a guinea and a half; now you can buy it for a shilling.

* * *

HERE is a very good story anent foreign immigration. An Italian organ-grinder and her monkey were recently brought before a London magistrate, the monkey having scratched a small boy. The woman said the monkey was good-tempered till it came to England. "Why didn't you stay in Italy?" inquired his worship. "There are too many of you here." Lucia had her answer ready. "I can get nothing in my own country but macaroni," she said; "de people is so poor. Here I get both macaroni and roast beef, and dat is de good reason, sare." Undoubtedly; Lucia put the reason for foreign immigration in a nutshell.

* * *

It seems we are not to have our new opera-house in London after all. The plans had actually been prepared, and had been passed provisionally by the L.C.C., but the project has fallen through, and preparations are already in progress for

a combination building in the "Haymarket desert." The architect is Mr. C. J. Phipps, and the plans he has drawn up include, indeed, a theatre, but one too small for grand opera, a café, a restaurant, shops, and residential chambers. Exactly in the middle of the frontage on the Haymarket there will be an arcade running into the old Opera Arcade, and the shops now closed in Pall Mall will be rebuilt and let. The theatre will take in the whole of Charles Street frontage, with a depth of eighty-six feet down the Haymarket, and will be ready for occupation by next Christmas. The rent will be between £7,000 and £8,000 per annum.

* * *

MDLLE. CHAMINADE is dissatisfied with the way in which the majority of singers render her songs—indeed, with the way they render songs in general. It is perfectly incomprehensible, she says, the absence of thought that the average singer shows in a common song. The trouble seems to come from their wholly circumscribed and personal outlook. They think of nothing but the voice part, which, of course, reduces their power to a minimum, as voice, words and music must become an *ensemble* in order to produce any effect. The phrasing is absolutely idiotic at times, and indicates a total absence of the musician in the singer. Of course there are shades of sentiment which must be suggested by a composer, points which no one can guess; but, as artists, singers should have this intuitive or divining power. As to the question of translation, Chaminade says that most of her songs are perfect parodies in English, not only on account of the difference in the meanings conveyed by ill-matched words and sentences, but because the sounds of one language fit only with the music written for them. The little lady is now at work on a lyric drama.

* * *

I HAVE always held the so-called violin expert to be more or less of a humbug. He is not by any means always correct in his judgment, and he is frequently dishonest to boot. Some cases of which I have recently heard amply corroborate both these assertions. A man died, leaving a fine old violin and an orphan boy, to whom the instrument only represented so much money. The chief trustee took the violin to London, and showed it to an "expert" and dealer, who said it was of no particular value, and offered £5 for it. The trustee took the instrument to another "expert" and dealer, who said pretty much what number one had said, and offered the same sum. Quite surprised and disheartened the trustee left London, and showed the instrument some time after to an amateur expert, who promptly pronounced it an Italian violin by a good maker, in excellent preservation, and shortly after helped him to sell it for £100! Of course the first two dealers wanted to purchase the instrument at a low figure, and

New Subscription Rates for MAGAZINE OF MUSIC sent post free to ONE ADDRESS:—

One Copy per Month, 7s. 6d. per Annum; Two Copies per Month, 12s. per Annum; Three Copies per Month, 18s. per Annum;
Six Copies per Month, 30s. per Annum.

sell it at a handsome profit, and that is the way with a good many "experts." Genius among experts is rare, but honesty among experts is as rare as honesty among horse-dealers.

* * *

CURIOSLY enough, I had just written the above paragraph when the current issue of the *Violin Times* came to hand with another case in point. A correspondent, who appropriately signs himself "Perplexed," writes:

I took an instrument to London and consulted an expert. He told me it was Dutch. I then went on to another. No. 2 said it was Italian. No. 3 said it was Belgian. No. 4 an Old English Copy of Gasparo da Salo. No. 5 said, made in the Tyrol. No. 6 said French, probably Parisian. One said it was made by Cappa. The others laughed at the idea. One said it was complete. Another said it was made up of different instruments. The ages given varied from 80 to 300 years, and the value from £10 to £70. The lesson to be learned from this therefore is, firstly, only get one opinion and believe it; or, secondly, do as I have done, get a lot and pick out the best, swear by that dealer, and deplore the ignorance of the others.

Plenty of people have had similar experiences with other instruments, and with the best-known dealers of Wardour Street and elsewhere too.

* * *

It is, of course, only natural that Mr. Sims Reeves should defend his action in descending to the music hall stage. Talking to an interviewer on the subject, he says: "The audiences of the music halls have been as kind to us as the most select assemblage could be. Indeed, I have sung to many audiences that would consider themselves high-class, but which—by their behaviour at least—did not give the singer as respectful a hearing as these mixed music-hall audiences have given me. But, you know, there is a fearful amount of humbug and a vast deal of pretence about music in society. It is the proper thing to affect to be musical, and the result is that the select audience is not always satisfactory to the artist." Well, from Mr. Sims Reeves' point of view, there is one good thing about his music-hall infatuation: it will give him plenty of scope for a further series of "farewells," and "final farewells," and "positively last farewells."

* * *

HERR ERNEST PAUER, pianist, musical editor, and teacher, has taken a modest farewell of the English musical public, and gone into retirement. He says: "I leave England for good at Easter, in order to spend my last years at my German country place, Ingenheim, a charming village. I possess there a house which I built in 1866, and where I have stayed during every summer's vacation since 1867. Since 1851 I have been in England. I have worked hard and incessantly, and tried to do my duty as an artist, and I hope my life will not be thought to have been quite useless." The veteran musician may be assured that no one who knows anything of the varied and valuable character of his life-work in England will ever entertain an idea of the kind. Herr Pauer is quite a link in the chain that unites the present with the past. His mother was a member of the Streicher family, who were so intimately connected with Beethoven, and he himself was a pupil of Mozart's son. He ought certainly to write his reminiscences.

* * *

WHAT are we to make of the case in which Miss Ella

Russell has obtained £100 and costs for the printing of her name in a concert announcement a little lower than the position of honour? Who is to decide in each individual case what the particular position is to be? The question was put to the late Sir Joseph Barnby, what he would recommend a gentleman to do who had secured the services of Miss Russell and Miss Macintyre. "I should think he was extremely foolish to engage two such artists" was his answer. Of course it was no answer at all; it suggested only the ridiculous impossibility of having two "stars," which no sensible person is likely to admit. And then there is the question of precedent set by this decision in the Russell case. Where are such things to end? It seems to me just as reasonable, for example, that a contributor to one of the leading magazines should insist upon a certain position, and claim damages if the editor failed to give him that position. Of course the public does not care a brass farthing about such things. So long as an artist shows himself or herself competent the name may just as well be at the bottom of the programme as at the top.

* * *

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE'S recent strictures on the typical British ballad have caused some searchings of heart in various quarters; and the announcement is now made that we are to have a fresh series of "high-class songs" from the pens of—well, "the leading composers" of course, and we know perfectly well who those geniuses are. But the funny thing is that there are already in existence hundreds of "high-class songs" by "the leading composers" which nobody seems to want. They lie on the publishers' shelves gathering fresh accumulations of dust; and in the meantime the public are bored to death with the interminable repetition of royalty ballads and a few hackneyed classical songs which might well have a back seat for the remainder of the century—and more. The publishers, in short, have done their duty; the vocalists have not. Nor is there any hope of making progress until we have abandoned the degrading practice of paying a singer to foist a song upon the public whether the public want it or not.

* * *

THE Welsh Sol-faists have been getting up a storm in a tea-kettle. It all comes of a number of Welsh choirs having been invited to take part in a Tonic Sol-fa festival which is to be held at the Crystal Palace in July next. The date clashes with the Llandudno Eisteddfod, and the committee of that institution are up in arms against Mr. Jenkins, who, it seems, is a paid official of the Eisteddfod, and responsible in a manner for the projected visit of the Welsh Choirs to London. From a local paper I learn that Mr. Jenkins' action has "produced a very severe condition of strained relations, and he has again been written to and informed that the gravamen of the committee's dissatisfaction with his conduct lies not in the fact that the date of the London Festival was fixed so near the date of the Eisteddfod, but that he, as a paid official of the Eisteddfod, should have acted in such a way as is certain to withdraw from the Eisteddfod not only a large number of possible competitors in choral competitions, but a still larger number of friends, who are certain to follow the Choirs to London, and will not consequently attend the Eisteddfod." Mr. Jenkins has finally been ordered by the committee to withdraw from all connection with the Crystal Palace Festival, but his decision has not been made known at the moment of



writing. The unlucky musician, it may be remembered, conducted a new work of his own at the last Cardiff Festival.

* * *

THEY are a difficult people to deal with, these Welsh folks. The committee of the South Wales Musical Festival met the other day, and had a heated discussion about the appointment of a conductor in place of the late Sir Joseph Barnby. One section of the committee wanted a native. One gentleman "regarded it as an insult to Wales to override the claims of Welsh conductors," and he therefore proposed that Dr. Joseph Parry be asked to conduct, or, failing him, the above-mentioned Mr. Jenkins. The majority of the committee, however, wisely thought that it would be better to go outside the Principality in order to avoid all possibilities of jealousy. When it came to the vote, Sir Arthur Sullivan was unanimously selected; and failing his acceptance of the office Mr. Manns and Sir A. C. Mackenzie are to be tried in turn.

* * *

THE Bristol Musical Festival Committee have been well advised in not concluding any definite arrangements with artists or composers until the Guarantee Fund is completed. At their last meeting it was reported that as the result of circulars and personal applications about £2,600 out of the £4,000 required had been promised, and it was decided to make further efforts to obtain the remaining £1,400. It is not anticipated that there will be any great difficulty in securing this sum, but it is well to have the whole amount in hand before proceeding with the Festival arrangements. Mr. George Riseley has been appointed conductor in room of the late Sir Charles Hallé, and he is throwing himself into the work with his accustomed energy. He is determined to have a chorus the like of which has never been heard in Bristol before, and there are to be three rehearsals a week throughout the summer. That looks like business.

* * *

THE death of the composer of *Mignon* removes the grand old man of music. Ambroise Thomas was born in 1811, and was thus in his eighty-fifth year. He had in every respect a distinguished career as a composer and musician, and was the recipient of practically all the honours that France bestows on her men of mark in any leading profession. The son of a Metz musician, Thomas took to the art at a very early age, and when admitted to the Paris Conservatoire in 1828 he was already a capable pianist and violinist. After his course at the Conservatoire he went for three years' study to Italy. Returning to France, he presented several efforts in opera comique, and like others had his successes and failures. In the course of the succeeding twenty years he sent forth quite a number of operatic pieces, but to English opera-goers the work on which his fame mainly rests is the favourite opera of *Mignon*. It was early added to the repertoire of the Carl Rosa Company, and in consequence soon became as well known to British lovers of operatic music as any of the numerous compositions to which they have given the stamp of their approval.

* * *

SOME people who are not old enough to remember have asked how it came about that Gounod was the first conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. The only answer to the question is that Gounod was residing in London at the time, that is to say, in 1871. The notorious Mrs. Weldon drove him back to Paris in 1875 and from that time he never

set foot on English soil. Gounod had a curious idea of musical feeling in England. "When one," he says, "sees Englishmen attentively follow the execution of a score, as grave and solemn as if they were fulfilling an austere duty; then suddenly, as if a spring had been touched, raise their heads, and with beaming faces exclaim, 'Oh, how nice!' 'Very beautiful, indeed'; and again bury themselves in their book as gravely and solemnly as before—one cannot help thinking that they are rather bent on being musicians than really so. They are actuated by British pride, because their artistic taste must be superior to the taste of other nations, just as their navy is more powerful, and their cotton and flannel of better quality." Ahem! All the same, it was England that made such success as *The Redemption* has attained. When would France have appreciated a serious work of the kind, or paid the composer £1,000 for his score?

* * *

My thanks to the *Musical Standard* for the following:

We are always ready to acknowledge the merits of contemporaries, and we therefore have pleasure in noting the improved appearance of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. Besides many excellent articles, we observe that the whole of Beethoven's 'Waldstein' Sonata, as well as other music, all of which is clearly printed, is given as a supplement. The price of the whole magazine is only sixpence.

Let me say in return that my excellent weekly contemporary has recently been greatly enlivened by the addition of a couple of pages of brightly-written leaderettes. But I do wish you could keep your advertisements and your letterpress more apart, Mr. Baughan. At present one has to fish out the reading matter from a perfect sea of announcements.

* * *

Considering the phenomenal success of some of his songs, it was sad to find that Mr. Milton Wellings had got into the bankruptcy court the other day. Mr. Wellings stated in his examination that his income at one time amounted to £750 a year, which was not a high figure, all things considered. Prior to 1893 he derived about £150 a year from royalties, in addition to which he held a "retainer" of £300 per annum from Messrs. Enoch, the music publishers. The latter engagement has since ceased, and the composer's income has fallen to about £50. It is the old story of the composer *versus* the publisher. "Some Day" was sold for ten guineas, "Golden Love" for eight guineas. Both songs have realized many thousands of pounds for the music-sellers, but not an additional cent has the composer received. It certainly seems hard; but one must not forget that the publisher has to balance his losses by his successes. We hear plenty about the successes, but, like a wise man, he is generally silent about the losses.

* * *

Sebastian Bach is to have a monument in St. John's Church at Leipzig. The church is being rebuilt, and soon after the consecration ceremony, which is fixed for October 31, the remains of the great composer—or, at any rate, what is supposed to be the remains—will be laid in a crypt near the right side of the altar, while the monument will be erected on the left side. The execution of the latter has been entrusted to Herr Carl Seffner, who last year reconstructed a cast of Bach's head from the skull. There is no objection to the monument, but the question of the remains ought to be left

out of account. There is nothing but pure conjecture to connect them with Bach, and as likely as not they are the remains of some honest burgher who never did anything entitling him to be so rudely disturbed in his last rest.

* * *

Mr. Robert Newman has printed a list of the orchestral items performed at his Sunday afternoon concerts in Queen's Hall since October last. The list is an excellent and a representative one. Mr. Newman calculates that there are only about four thousand regular supporters of high-class and high-priced orchestral concerts in London; but he believes, and no doubt rightly, that his Sunday concerts will gradually add very largely to the number. The other Sunday afternoon he had an agreeable surprise at the close of the concert, when he was presented by the band with a silver punch-bowl.



Musical life in London.

— o —

THE POPS.

MAY as well confess to being an inveterate "Pop"-goer. The faces in the stalls, the balcony, the orchestra, and the gallery of those who have attended the Popular Concerts for more years than they are anxious to reckon are perfectly familiar to me. Judging from the punctual attendance of many of Mr. Chappell's supporters, and their applause of Lady Hallé and Joachim, it may well be that they look for no better heaven in the future than one where they can sit and drink in the glowing liquid strains of their beloved violinists.

The January concerts called forth but measured raptures from enthusiasts, for Joachim is their god, and he did not appear until February 17. Piatti's new sonata for violoncello and piano, however, performed for the second time on Saturday, February 1, met with due recognition, for is not Piatti also a favourite? This sonata improves on acquaintance. His associate was Miss Fanny Davies, who was delightful in six numbers of Schumann's *Kreisleriana*, op. 16, a series full of poetic feeling and strong individuality. The programme was headed by Beethoven's favourite Quartet in C, op. 59, No. 3, and concluded with Mozart's Trio in G, the last of seven written for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The following Monday evening the concert opened with Mozart's Quintet for strings, in G minor, and came to a cheerful finish with Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in E flat. Lady Hallé's pure and liquid tone was shown in two of Raff's "Volker" for violin, which the audience justly received with acclamation. The concert offered no other points of comment. In the programme of Saturday, February 8, were three pianoforte pieces of Russian origin—an Intermezzo by Arensky, whose name is more or less familiar to observers of modern music, and a Prelude and Valse by Rachmaninoff, who, still quite young, is scarcely known in Western Europe. I do not claim any special distinction for these works, though they by no means lack merit; but they serve to remind us of the advance of Slavonic art, and Slavonic music shows itself most aggressive, most commanding in right of character, freshness, and charm, and best equipped for conquest through the alternation of melancholy and exuberance. With unimpeachable phrasing, wonderful light and shade, Mr. Borwick repro-

duced the semi-oriental atmosphere of these pieces; for, by persistent training, he has developed his artistic sympathy and insight so that he can battle with, and give due expression to, each of the many sides of musical art. The programme contained, besides the Russian pieces, Beethoven's familiar and beautiful Quartet in G, which was played by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Piatti; Mozart's Adagio in E for violin, and the very interesting Trio for violin, pianoforte, and horn, which, till the composer became enamoured of Mr. Mühlfeld's clarinet, stood as the most important of his chamber works for combined wind and string. The concert, therefore, was attractive from first to last, not least so in the vocal department, thanks to Mrs. Helen Trust's belief that there are many British songs quite as worthy of performance as those by German masters. Mrs. Trust's choice fell upon Shield's "Young Colin" and Arne's "The Lass with a Delicate Air"—charming examples both.

On Monday evening, February 10, the programme opened with Haydn's Quartet in E flat, op. 71, No. 3, and closed with Schumann's very fine and characteristic Pianoforte Trio in D minor, op. 63, the latter being beautifully played by Lady Hallé, Piatti, and Mr. Borwick. Emmanuel Bach's Sonata in C minor for piano and violin, the only work by the second son of J. S. Bach that has ever been introduced at these concerts, was revived by Lady Hallé and Mr. Borwick. Mr. Chappell has not given us much Haydn this season. I hope that Haydn is not becoming old-fashioned, to use a common term, but which, as a matter of fact, is nonsense, when applied to music full of beauty and truth. Mr. Borwick played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor with great success, and Miss Ada Crossley won the suffrages of her critical audience by her thoroughly artistic singing of Mozart's "L'Addio," and other songs. Lady Hallé made her last appearance on Saturday, February 15. Two notable works were contained in the programme: Brahms' fine Quintet in G, op. 111, and Beethoven's ever favourite "Kreutzer" sonata. Full justice was done to the former by Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, Hobday, and Piatti. The gifted leader of this party joined Mr. Borwick in a masterly performance of the sonata, which sufficed to show that she is still the greatest of living violinists of her sex, and unstinted applause rewarded a rendering which was pre-eminently distinguished by the utmost refinement of expression and artistic finish. Of no less interest to musicians was the playing by Mr. Borwick of Bach's Partita in C minor. Mr. Borwick is one of the comparatively few pianists who in their interpretation of Bach's clavier music happily avoid inexpressiveness on the one hand and modern emotionalism on the other. Some songs, charmingly sung by Madame Alice Gomez, completed a short but irreproachable programme, which attracted a very large audience. The event of the month, however, was the reappearance of Joachim at the Monday evening concert, February 17. In his inspired moments Joachim stands revealed as an incomparable artist, worthy of all admiration for his intellectual profundity and interpretative power. I rarely sit through a Joachim concert without ultimately securing my reward in at least one spell of inspired interpretation. The waiting is sometimes long, as he does not cover the weakness of his uninspired moments by technical display, for he is rather a consummate interpretative artist than a great fiddler. But when the moment arrives, and his better genius miraculously controls his bow and fingers, then the tones come forth from his violin wonderfully strong

and sweet, vibrating and clear, with something human in their accents. I have so often spoken in these columns of the re-entry of Joachim that now no word-painting remains in which to depict his annual coming. He stepped quietly on to the platform, and in his simple, manly way acknowledged the loud applause. The works in which he took part were familiar to all. Beethoven's Quartet in E minor for solo, the Adagio from Spohr's Eleventh Concerto, and lastly, Beethoven's strong Trio in C minor, op. 10. Such works never grow old, or lose their vital force. The pianist of the evening, Miss Fanny Davies, went to Brahms for her solos, and selected the Ballade in D, op. 10; Fantaisie in G minor, op. 116; and Capriccio in B minor, op. 76; and the vocalist, Mr. Hugo Heinz, was heard to advantage in Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau."

MUSIC IN WHITECHAPEL.

Space prevented my noticing last month the excellent rendering of the *Dream of Jubal* at the People's Palace on January 18. The success of the performance was in a large measure due to the artistic manner in which Mr. Charles Fry recited the narrative. Well-merited applause from the vast audience was again and again Mr. Fry's reward for his intelligent and effective delivery. The choir, with advantage, might have been larger, but the performance on the whole, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Allen Gill, was very creditable. The solos were taken by Mrs. Hutchinson—a strong favourite at the Palace—Miss Eliza Sayer, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Frederick Hosking. Handel still finds the warmest of welcomes at the East End. The annual pilgrimage of the Handel Society to the People's Palace took place last month, and a performance of the secular oratorio *Hercules* was given before an audience which, both in numbers and enthusiasm, put the decorous gatherings of the West to shame. It is not too much to say that Handel himself would have felt at home among the honest crowd at the People's Palace, for he was a democrat in the truest and best sense of the word. I hope, too, that the performance of his oratorio would have pleased him, for the Handel Society had disdained the fascination of additional accompaniments, and gave the work in all its native majesty just as it came from the composer's pen. The libretto of *Hercules* is one of the best that Handel ever took in hand, and Handel's share of the work is in his noblest vein. In the closing scenes of the drama he rises to a height which even he can rarely have surpassed. The frantic agony of Hercules' death-song, and the tortured frenzy of the guilty Dejanira, interpreted as they were by two young and comparatively unknown singers—Mr. Francis Harford and Miss Kirkby Lunn—with genuine force and sincerity, held the mighty audience spell-bound, and were greeted with such a burst of enthusiasm as even the walls of the People's Palace can but seldom have witnessed. The orchestra played with plenty of spirit, and, except in such passages as the introductory symphony to the third act, which demands the utmost delicacy of expression, with all necessary finish. The chorus, too, fulfilled their task creditably. The soloists were remarkably good, and Mr. J. S. Liddle, who made his first appearance as conductor of the Handel Society, guided his forces with zeal and discretion, and Professor Prout filled up the harmonies indicated by a figured bass upon the pianoforte in a manner which won the admiration of every musician present.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday Concerts were resumed with all the olden

vigour on February 15. Mr. August Manns, to whom a specially cordial greeting was given, conducted with his accustomed spirit and energy, and the performance of the band reached throughout the afternoon a lofty standard. The programme was in some measure a tribute to Richard Wagner. It opened with the overture to *Rienzi* and the prelude to *Parsifal*. The reading of the latter was not altogether commendable, but ample amends were made by a truly magnificent performance of Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7. The chief attraction of the afternoon, however, was Mr. Willy Burmester, who wisely chose Spohr's seventh Violin Concerto in E minor, instead of the first movement of the Paganini Concerto, which had first been announced. The reading of the first and last movements of the concerto was particularly brilliant, and showed that his marvellous technique had, if anything, improved in certainty, that his tone had grown broader and sweeter. He also played an air of Bach, and a set of Paganini variations—the latter with masterly dexterity. Miss Ada Crossley, who was to have sung, was indisposed, and her place was taken by Mrs. Katherine Fiske, who sang, with considerable effect, "Oh, my heart is weary," and Leoncavallo's "Schwerer Abschied." The concert concluded with Wagner's pompous "Kaiser March."

Mons. C. L. Lamoureux and his famous orchestra from Paris will give three grand orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall on Monday evening, April 13; Thursday evening, April 16; Saturday afternoon, April 18. Full particulars will be duly announced.



The Impressionist.

— o —

I HAVE much pleasure in heading my "Impressionist" notes this month with the name of Miss Ella Russell. Were I in a cynical mood, I would suggest that ladies' positions on an announcement poster should be arranged in accordance with their *respective ages*, seniority of course having the place of honour at the top of the poster!

What a fight there would be for the last place!!

Prima donnas never grow old—at least in England!

Let me turn from this topic to notice the success of an Englishman abroad. Frederick Lamond, the Scotch pianist, has been having a wonderful success in Frankfort. German critics have gone so far as to assert that his Beethoven renderings are not to be surpassed by any pianist alive. I can quite agree with this opinion, and it is not the first time I have expressed it in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*. Lamond has every quality for the making of a great interpretative artist in pianoforte playing save one, and that is the lack of sensuous beauty in his touch. His technique is prodigious, capable of everything that the most exacting modern music requires; his intellectual enthusiasm is not only immense, it is more, it is amazing, and is, I venture to assert, unequalled amongst all his contemporaries. Bravo, Lamond!!

Mark Hambourg is already tasting the first-fruits of the success I predicted for him in England, and as I am an

Englishman, I am naturally proud that he should elect to become one of us. As he could not choose his birthplace, he has done the next best thing, and become a naturalized Englishman.

This may be accepted as a fair set-off to D'Albert's ungrateful and pettish repudiation of us and the many substantial benefits he received at our hands. There are still many warning indications that his cheap sneers at England, her music and her fogs, have not yet faded from our memories.

One thing has always filled me with more or less wonder, and that is that young Hambourg has, as far as I know, never attempted anything in the way of composition. His individuality has always appeared so remarkably powerful that I wonder it has not found an outlet in this branch of his art. Moreover, his boldly extemporising during a lapse of memory in performing Beethoven's "Funeral March Sonata" some four years since was quite a remarkable piece of daring, and one I should have thought only an original artist could successfully accomplish.

Mark in those days seemed to have a profound admiration for the chrysanthemum pianist, Paderewski; indeed, I rather fancy he had some lessons from the latter. Be that as it may, Hambourg seemed ever to have a composition or two which had just previously been played by Paderewski on his programmes. The contrast between Mark's childish treble on one occasion in the Steinway Hall, in contrast to the artistic maturity of his playing and his technique, always struck me as one of the most comical things I have heard in a concert hall.

It is said that Weeks & Co. have some arrangement with several of our most prominent musicians, up their sleeve, to try and effect an improvement in our pitifully vulgar English Royalty ballad. I have little faith in the experiment, although it is hard to say why it should not command success. Probably no other language has a vaster quantity of lovely lyrics to inspire a composer; and if we have not produced a Schubert or a Robert Franz, it is the fault of our musicians, not of our poets. Perhaps the unwieldy predominance of choral singing in England has much to do with the question. Every composer wants to write an oratorio or lengthy cantata almost before he has learnt to fly alone, and the consequence is that whatever little originality and freshness he possesses—sufficient perhaps for two or three really good songs or pianoforte pieces—is spread over a lengthy work till it loses its piquancy and flavour.

The writer of the Music Column in a weekly contemporary has been drawing attention to the rareness of performances of the music of Sportini and Cherubini. It is all very well to say that it is because there is a want of emotion, and, so to say, backbone in their music, yet—this is surely remarkable—because by careful plodding when young they successfully mastered rules invented as crutches for composers when composition was in its infancy, they are held up as models, and we still find examples of their *work* (expressive word) in even the most up-to-date text-books on composition. More especially this holds good with Cherubini, because, according to the theorists, he wrote *correctly*. Save the mark.

How often in comparison do we find examples from, say, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Schütt, or even Paderewski, and yet these names are amongst the *most modern* developments of the art of composition.

What a pity theorists are never up to date!

Borodine, whose symphony, given at the Philharmonic on February 27, will be the subject of discussion when these lines are read, has given a far better sketch of himself and his life than is to be found in any biographical work in the recently published series of letters, "Borodine and Liszt." He not only gives us a telling and clever picture of Liszt—his elderly "Venus"—but he reflects his own personality in a very interesting manner. I believe there is a fair account of him in "The Cyclopædia of Musicians," published by Scribner, but it is not generally accessible.

His works have taken fifteen years to reach here, an argument that they are good, as the good takes a long time to reach the surface nowadays.

In connection with Borodine, I may draw your attention to a new edition of that wonderful set of little pieces, "*Sur un thème favori et obligé*," written in conjunction with Cui, Liadoff, etc. The new edition contains the Liszt prelude—facsimile of MS.—a new Mazurka by Borodine; and a set of Bigarrures by Stcherbotcheff—he of the Mazurkas. It is well worth having in one's musical library.

I recently received a post-card from a prominent anti-Wagnerian, with a sketch of Wagner conducting the "Feuerzauber" (pronounce it "few-are-sober") from the *Ring*. The *Ring* was represented by some intoxicated-looking gentlemen dancing in a circle!

I call that a *pretty* bad joke.

I do not intend writing at length on Mark Hambourg's pianoforte playing this month, I will deal fully with the subject in my next series of Impressionist notes. One thing, however, is worthy of attention, and that is the number of quasi-novelties in his programmes. Schütt's name especially I was pleased to notice on both his programmes. Schütt is a very much neglected composer as far as England is concerned, and perhaps also *little* less so on the Continent. Many of his compositions are really fresh and beautiful, others are laboured and ordinary, though well written (as the theorists would say).

One thing can certainly be said of them, they are never coarse or vulgar, as is so much of the modern music—many of Raff's works might be quoted as instances—but they are ever finished with more or less loving care, however unworthy sometimes the thematic material.

Schütt's method of treating the piano is perhaps more than of Schumann than of any other composer, although it is sometimes akin to that of Chopin, as in the delightful little Prelude from the set of *Miniatures*, opus 30, which might be a near relation—although of distinctly Russian nationality—to Chopin's study in F minor, op. 25, No. 2, or the one in the same key in the three posthumous studies.

If you want to see a really favourable example of this composer, just ask your music-seller for his love-poem (*Poème d'Amour*), op. 20—a beautiful creation that rings true throughout, and mounts to a paroxysm of exultation and flaming passion, and then seems to breathe itself out in a sigh. Schütt is, I believe, a great friend of Leschetizky, and lives a quiet life at Vienna. I remember glancing through an opera of his once in Germany, but I do not recollect ever to have seen it billed even on the Continent.

Hambourg's finest effort was perhaps the Schumann Fantasia, op. 17. A colossal work, the second (marcia) movement is one of the most exasperating things in pianoforte literature. I quite hesitate to recall how many times I have heard it played. Rubinstein and Hallé played it within a few days of one another some years since—I think it was in 1886. Paderewski played it at his first recital in England. D'Albert too I have heard ride through it in his rough-shod way, a way not, however, wanting in nobility and elevation of expression. Of all those (and many more lesser ones) of Slivinski alone can I say that—as far as my ear could tell, and knowing every note—that he was note perfect.

Putting Rubinstein aside as unapproached in this work, which was almost a *specialité* of his, I do not think Mark Hambourg suffers in comparison with any one of them.

Another pianist, whose style eminently fits the work, and who gives a fine performance of it, is our own Frederick Lamond, who is very fond of big works such as this and Beethoven's immense sonata in B flat, op. 106.

A pianist I did not trouble to go and hear was Mr. Ernest Consolo. The reason was simple. I had practically heard him go through his programme before, and that more than once. This gentleman visited at a famous German Pension where I was staying, and I heard him through a pair of folding doors, and that with all the added charm to one's touch that such a medium gives. The performances I then heard did not create a passionately overwhelming desire to hear the same set of compositions in St. James's or any other London Hall, so I stayed away.

For the rest Mr. Consolo is an Italian by birth, and was an infant prodigy, and studied at one time with Sgambati, and afterwards for some time in Germany. Miss Bettina Walker, in her book, has something to say about him. Mr. Consolo enjoys, I believe, the friendship of Joachim, who assisted him in one of his Berlin concerts. Perhaps it was to Joachim's influence we owed his appearance at one of the Pops not so very long since.

I am glad to see the Grieg concerto down for the next Philharmonic programme. Although its effect is "scrappy" to an extreme degree, yet it is one of the most beautiful and original of modern additions to the surpassingly rich literature of pianoforte concertos. For variety in harmony, melody, and rhythm, it would be hard to find its equal, and it is highly coloured with Norwegian idioms from first to last—a fact which seems to repel almost as many as it attracts. The melody of the Adagio contains a figure which comically and irresistibly recalls "Polly, put the kettle on"; it is, however, a phrase not unfrequently met with amongst Norwegian composers. In the first movement one of the most telling of the

bravura pianoforte passages appears to be "lifted" bodily from Chopin's Bolero. But perhaps Grieg does not know the work. In that case it is a curious coincidence.

The literature of the pianoforte concerto is becoming surpassingly rich. It would be possible to recall thirty or more fine modern and unhackneyed works, many of them of the front rank. Rubinstein, Liszt, and Tschaiowsky have added considerably to our store, and the younger generation is energetically continuing the good work. I must confess that I have neglected the Beethoven series at Henschel's concerts, and that for the simple reason that I have got so nauseated with the Beethoven concertos that I cannot sit out the performance of one with any degree of pleasure. Why does every bread-and-butter miss, every college student, and every pianistic aspirant for fame always go to Beethoven in G or the "Emperor"? They are not eminently pianistic. They do not always show the best qualities of the pianoforte to the best advantage; and besides all this, there are many works with at least an equal claim to public attention. I should be pleased to see a novelty, or at least an unhackneyed concerto to every one of the six pianists engaged for the forthcoming Philharmonic series.

Rosenthal might give us the Schytte-Rosenthal; D'Albert will assuredly give one of his own, or say Liszt's in A; Paderewski his own Fantasia, or Liszt's E flat, and the rest may be trusted to follow suit.

By the way, Rosenthal, I see, announces his intention of giving a series of seven historical pianoforte recitals in May and June. As Rosenthal has been playing the same compositions over and over again for the last ten years, it is to be presumed that he has something up his sleeve, or intends adding to the exceedingly limited *répertoire* he has played in Germany and America for so long a period.

Well, as he is the "King of Pianists," the task of working up a trifle of seven historical recitals "the programmes of which will contain representative music by the best composers of all schools," is of course a mere bagatelle.

Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen makes a re-appearance here this month. He is now the Capellmeister at Weimar, and has not visited us for some years; in the meantime he has been to America, where he did not altogether seem to catch on, some said owing to the make of piano used. After all this he ought to play better than before. If he only plays as well as he did when Liszt first introduced him to us, he need not fear of a lack of success.

Here is a paragraph from an evening contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*. The celebrated Parisian musical journal deplors the ignorance of the foreign Press generally on musical matters. Our contemporary remarks: "This sounds well from a paper which, only three weeks ago, announced that the Queen of England and other members of the Royal Family are about to sing at a concert to organize funds with which to provide instruments for all the German bands in London." (The italics are mine.)

Why didn't *Le Ménestrel* add that Her Majesty the Queen had been specially requested to assist in a telegraphic dispatch (we know his propensities) from the Kaiser? *Vive le Ménestrel!* And as to the Kaiser—Hoch! Hoch!!



The late Sir Joseph Barnby.



ANOTHER prominent personality has gone from our midst, under circumstances which can only be described as tragic. As a contemporary has remarked, his was not the peaceful passing away of one whose life's work was finished, but the sudden call to one in the full vigour of maturity, stricken down in the midst of work.

On the afternoon of Monday, January 27, Sir Joseph had attended at the Guildhall School of Music as usual, and in the evening conducted at the Albert Hall a rehearsal of *Judas Maccabæus*, the performance of which had been announced for the following Thursday. Early on the following morning, after breakfast, saying he felt unwell and would rest a little longer, he returned to bed. A few minutes afterwards he became worse, and before his medical man could be summoned he had lost consciousness, owing to the rupture of a blood vessel on the brain. He never rallied, and at ten o'clock all was over. Although he had been ailing for some little time, no one suspected, especially after seeing him finish the arduous rehearsal of *Judas Maccabæus* with apparently his wonted energy, that his end was so near. He remarked to a friend, however, concerning the prospective performance of the oratorio: "We shall precede it with the Dead March from *Saul*, in memory of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and that piece always takes it out of me." The news of his death naturally created a profound sensation by no means confined to musical circles, as the great assembly at St. Paul's and Norwood cemetery—when he was laid to rest—bore witness. Foremost amongst those who sent messages of condolence to Lady Barnby, was Her Majesty the Queen, who had a high opinion of Sir Joseph as a man and musician.

Sir Joseph Barnby was born at York, August 12, 1838, and may be said to have breathed a musical atmosphere almost from his cradle. Six of his brothers (only one of whom is now alive) had been choristers at the Minster there, and he himself was entered as a chorister at nine years of age. So well equipped was he in musical knowledge, that he actually undertook some elementary teaching before he was eleven, and at the age of twelve he held a small organ appointment. Three years later saw him music master in a school in the neighbourhood, but he soon sought the wider experiences of London, and entered as a student at the Royal Academy, living meanwhile in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey with an elder brother, who was a Vicar-Choral there. During his career at the Academy (from 1854 to 1857) he officiated as organist at Mitcham Church, but his devotion to his private studies may be judged from the fact that he was *proxime accessit* in the competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarship, the successful candidate being Sir Arthur Sullivan. In 1857 he returned to York, having completed his studies at the Academy, but he did not remain there long. An appointment as organist of St. Michael's, Queenhithe, brought him to London again; from there he went to St. James-the-Less, Westminster, where he found time for prolific composition. To this period belong his anthem, "It is high time to awake,"—one of the most melodious and vigorous short anthems,—and his Service in E, one of the freshest of his many compositions. With this appointment he also held that of organist to the Sacred Harmonic Society. Up to this date he

may be said to have been on his probation as a musician, but his appointment in 1863 to the organistship of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, marked the beginning of a new epoch in his life. It was there that his extraordinary activity and genius as a choir trainer became evident to the public. His church speedily became a centre of musical activity, and he established a tradition in favour of high-class musical services, the influence of which is still felt there. In 1871, he removed to St. Ann's, Soho, where he had not the splendid resources—both in the shape of a wealthy congregation and a professional choir—which had been at his disposal at St. Andrew's. But he set to work with his usual indomitable energy, and with his amateur choir he soon made the church famous for splendid Lenten oratorio services, which were given with full orchestra—a novel feature in those days. It was at one of these services that Bach's "St. John" *Passion Music* was given for the first time in London. In spite of this hard work, he during this time found time to act as musical adviser for Messrs. Novello, and to do a considerable amount of teaching besides, as well as to conduct an oratorio society. The ability he displayed in this respect led to his appointment of the Royal (then the Albert Hall) Choral Society, on the retirement of Gounod in 1872. On the death of Dr. Maclean, Precentor of Eton, in 1875, Sir Joseph was appointed to this important vacancy. Here he raised the music—which was not then at a very high watermark—to the position of a distinct feature in the life of the school, and his famous little composition, "An Eton Boat Song," may now be heard from the mouths of Etonians all over the globe. No better testimony to the value of his work could be found than the following quotation from *The Eton College Chronicle*, on the occasion of his departure from that historic school in 1892: "Mr. Barnby has made music a reality amongst us." In 1892, the principal of the Guildhall School of Music (Mr. Weist Hill) died, and Mr. Barnby was appointed as his successor, receiving the deserved dignity of knighthood shortly afterwards. The success with which he presided over that largest of metropolitan institutions is too well known to need recapitulation. He took an intense and keen delight in his work, and though a strict disciplinarian, he brought to his duties an amiability of manner that won him the goodwill of all with whom he came in contact.

His position as a composer has yet to be given him by posterity. The multifarious duties which devolved on him in recent years considerably interfered with his development in this respect, but the flowing and melodious music—church music especially—which he wrote in his earlier career, will not readily be let die. His most important work is a cantata, *Rebekah*, written in 1870, which, however, is inferior in individuality and force to his later cantata, *The Lord is King*, composed for the Leeds festival in 1883. He will chiefly be remembered by his melodious part-writing, of which "Sweet and Low" is perhaps the best-known example, and as the composer of some of the best church music which recent years have seen. If he cannot be numbered amongst the great ones in music, he has at least left behind him the memory of an indefatigable worker, an earnest musician, and a conscientious man.

Letters from a Cathedral Chorister.

—:0:—

II.

WELLMINSTER.

MY DEAR GUY,—

Many thanks for your jolly letter. You are a regular brick to send me such a nice lot of news about everybody.

I suppose you will be expecting to hear something about my doings here, but it is only a fortnight ago I came, you know, so I'm afraid there is not very much to tell.

Wellminster is a cheerful sort of place altogether, and the Close takes the palm for liveliness. Whatever people can find here to look at, I can't think; yet they come by dozens every day, and pretend to admire everything that is to be seen. Of course, the Cathedral is all very well; it is pretty large, and the spire is rather high—higher I should say than Romney steeple. But the houses—well, they are old, and that's all you can say about them. The palace is a fine place, but it is hidden away out of sight—too grand for such as us even to look upon.

I like the lawn just in front of the Cathedral best of all. What a lovely tennis lawn it would make! I asked Maggs, one of the fellows, the other day if the people played on it, and I thought he would have had a fit. "Play on it!" he said. "I should think they do. You had better go to the Dean to-morrow, and ask him if you shall mark the courts. It is always the new boy's work."

The others tittered, and Perkins whispered to me that Maggs was an idiot. So I didn't go to the Dean, and the courts have not been marked yet.

Maggs is Bishop's boy, and has to show the Bishop and his chaplain into church on Sundays and any other day when his lordship is there, which is not very often. For this, and for making a Latin speech at some time or other, he gets five pounds a year, and I think he earns it. You ought to see the procession. First, there's Maggs, six feet in his socks and as thin as a lath. Then comes the chaplain, not so tall and a good deal bigger. And last of all the Bishop, who is a very short man, and about as wide as he is high. "Positive, Comparative, and Superlative," I heard one of the lay vicars say last Sunday, as the three came up the Cathedral.

If you think a chorister boy has an easy time of it, you had better try getting up every morning at half-past six, grinding at lessons till breakfast time, and then going off to church just when other boys are having a few minutes with the bat, or a kick or two at footer. Generally, when we get to church, there is nobody there beside the clergy and the vergers, except three old maids whom the fellows call "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Faith, Hope, and Charity make no end of a fuss of us. Faith and Hope send all sorts of sweets and cakes to the school, and Charity—well, she's rather younger than her sisters, and a little more up-to-date. Yesterday, after service, she came up to Perkins major, blushing just like a girl, and put a little parcel into his hand. What do you think he found when he opened it? Cigarettes.

Sunday is our great day. The Cathedral is crowded then, especially if the anthem happens to be a favourite one; and, although pater says it is the sermon that draws the people, if he only knew how they troop out as soon as the preacher

makes his appearance, he would see that it is *us* they come to hear.

My voice is no good, of course, and there are plenty here not worth much. Perkins major is a regular swell at singing, and so is Midgeley, the senior boy, who ought to have been Bishop's boy, only his Latin was too shaky. Maggs is a muff, and Dowling, another first-form fellow, declares his voice is cracked because he has got a moustache coming. Most of the rest are youngsters, whom Mr. Littler says he is going to bring on. He has not commenced on me yet, so I have to pick up what I can at rehearsals. Oh, those rehearsals! I shall never forget the first I went to. My old friend the Dean, who is Precentor as well, was there, and so, of course, were the choir-men, Mr. Littler, and ourselves. We were practising an anthem with a bass solo, and the Dean was not quite satisfied with Mr. Anscombe's singing. Mr. Anscombe, I must tell you, is a Yorkshireman, with a great voice which rolls through the arches and among the pillars of the Cathedral like a peal of thunder. Whether it is on account of his voice or no, I can't say, but people seem to treat Mr. Anscombe with studied civility and respect, and everybody at the rehearsal was surprised to hear the Dean pull him up and call his attention to a passage which he said was not correctly taken.

Mr. Littler was not only surprised, he was alarmed. He was as much afraid of Mr. Anscombe as he was of the Dean.

"I—I think it was a trifling slip on *my* part, Mr. Precentor," he said, with his usual smile. (He always says "Mr. Precentor" in the practice-room.)

Twice Mr. Anscombe began the solo, and was stopped before he had got through many bars by the Dean furiously tapping the table with his book, and then singing a few notes himself. Mr. Anscombe did not seem to mind at all, and when at last he was allowed to finish, he smiled at Mr. Littler and apologised for giving him so much trouble.

But the Dean was not satisfied.

"It was too loud, Mr. Anscombe," he said, "much too loud. Your singing lacks refinement."

"Perhaps you will favour me with *your* rendering, sir," was the lay vicar's answer.

"Do you imagine," said the Dean, "that I was brought up as a vocalist, like yourself?"

"Judging from your efforts this morning, Mr. Dean, I should certainly think you were *not*," replied Mr. Anscombe.

So it went on. It *was* fun, I can tell you. By-and-by the Dean told Mr. Anscombe that he was no gentleman, and Mr. Anscombe said he had never set himself up to be anything of the sort. He was a *singer*.

After the rehearsal, as Perkins and I were walking back to school, Mr. Anscombe overtook us.

"And you are the new singing lad, I suppose?" he said to me.

I said I was.

"Well, if you are anything like Perkins here, you'll make your way. He has a bonny voice."

"But I'm not like Perkins," I said, "and I have no voice at all."

"No voice, lad? Nonsense."

"Indeed, it's true, Mr. —."

"Anscombe, lad; my name's Anscombe. Well, and why did they choose you? You are a burly boy. Was it for ornament, eh?"

He laughed, and so did I. I couldn't help it.

"Perkins says it was because I'm a clergyman's son," I said.

"Oh, oh! I see. Mr. Dean finds he can't make gentlemen out of singers, so he's going to try his hand at making singers out of gentlemen. Well, I hope he will be more successful with you than he has been with some of us. Good-bye."

There is no time now to tell you about our school work.

When I have finished this letter, I am going in to "prep," but as Mr. Robinson is dining with one of the canons we shall not overwork ourselves to-night. Mr. Robinson is the headmaster, and I think I shall like him very much. He plays full back, and says when he was younger he preferred Rugger to Association, which is not bad for a clergyman, is it? His daughter is the nicest girl I ever saw.

Love to all,

From your affectionate friend,

BERNARD STARR.

→* The Professor's Note-Book. *←

Another Word
about Phrasing.

My note in the December number of this Magazine anent phrasing has been deemed of sufficient interest to be quoted in various journals, and I am very glad to think that others beside myself are alive to the importance of the subject. If one or two additional remarks I have to make are the means, directly or indirectly, of calling still further attention to it, I shall be only too happy.

Instruction
Books.

A careful examination of many existing pianoforte tutors (their name is legion) has proved beyond all doubt that a knowledge of phrasing is not considered necessary for young pupils. The authors of these instruction books are either absolutely silent on the subject, or content themselves with some trivial explanations of the signs of punctuation and accentuation which are more likely to mislead than to instruct. For example, that eminent musician and teacher, Mr. Franklin Taylor, in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, says: "A curved line drawn over the notes means that the passage is to be played very smoothly." Just as if every passage, unless directions to the contrary are expressly given, is not to be played *very smoothly*! Again, Mr. Taylor remarks: "When the curved line is drawn over two notes of quick or moderately quick speed, it is called a Slur, and shows

that the first of the two notes is to be firmly pressed, and the second played very lightly, and the hand lifted immediately, as though it were followed by a rest." This is better, although the first part of the sentence puzzles me completely. But even here there is no suggestion that these "slurs" are punctuation marks indicating the rhythm of the piece, and that the sense of the piece depends entirely on the due observance of them. Yet in his *Primer of Pianoforte Playing*, a valuable work undoubtedly intended for, or at least most generally used by, more advanced students, the same master goes thoroughly into the matter, devoting a whole chapter to Phrasing. I could mention many other instruction books by less notable writers, which dispose of the subject in a much less satisfactory way, and if there exist any which treat it as it should be treated, I have failed to find them.

"Talks on Art." Speaking of the violin reminds me of a quaint paragraph in an American book called "Talks on Art," which I recently came across. "When I was a little boy I wanted to learn the violin, but a certain man discouraged me. 'Don't learn the violin—it's so hard!' I could kick that man now! It is easier to eat dip-toast than to play the violin; but it doesn't meet the same want."

Sir Joseph Barnby and the Question of his Successors.

THE historian of the future, when tracing the various forces that have for the last thirty years been operating upon the musical life of this country, will assuredly not fail to note the influence brought to bear upon it by the late Sir Joseph Barnby, one of the most active workers of the period. It has been remarked that when he appeared upon the scene, old institutions were beginning to show unmistakable signs of decay. The music which had for generations afforded satisfaction to amateurs, as well as to the public at large, was then commencing to pall upon the taste; and a demand arose, both in the church and the concert-room, for new compositions, and, above all, for a less perfunctory mode of performance. To musical authorities this call for some new thing sounded as terrible as the battle cry of the iconoclast; and to the multitude, generally content with the art about them, the demand seemed unnecessary. So conservative are the English people in matters musical, that they, clinging with fond affection to old tunes heard at home, to hymns sung at chapel and anthems at church, refuse to

examine whether they be, from an art point of view, good or bad. And of all institutions the cathedral is the most conservative. Yet it was from a cathedral that Joseph Barnby came to carry out his mission of improvement, and the way in which he did it makes an eminent testimony to his abilities. At the time that he went to St. Andrew's, Wells Street, the musical services of the churches were being performed in a slovenly, slipshod manner, of which we can now have very little idea. Barnby at once showed what a cathedral service ought to be and might be; and St. Andrew's became, to church musicians all over the country, like a light set on a hill. Refusing to be bound within the narrow limits marked out by precentors and others in authority, Barnby boldly brought into the services of the Church works by Gounod and other modern composers; and as he had at his command a fine body of singers, amongst whom Edward Lloyd was conspicuous, he was able to do full justice both to himself and the works he had undertaken to interpret. St. Andrew's, however, ultimately proved too much

for his strength, and he accordingly moved to St. Anne's, Soho.

It was very soon after he went here that Barnby succeeded M. Gounod as Conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. His first duty was to weed the choir. Old hands declared this to be impossible; Mr. Barnby thought otherwise. He gave notice that within two specified dates the whole of the choristers would be *personally examined*, their voices tested, and their "reading" powers discovered. The result was that more than two hundred "doubtfuls" at once resigned, and the test, so far as the remaining members were concerned, became almost a mere matter of form. Mr. Barnby's examination was something like this. Seated at a pianoforte, he would take you up and down the scale, noting your compass, class, and quality of voice; then he would put before you a part-song, and ask you to sing your part at sight, while he accompanied. The assistant secretary meanwhile sat at a desk taking notes. The whole thing was over in less than ten minutes, and you had only to go home and await the polite intimation of the secretary by post.

Mr. Barnby entirely abolished the professional element when he took the choir in hand, and the whole of the 850 members which constitute the Society to-day are amateurs, kept together by their enthusiasm for the art. A good deal has already been written about Sir Joseph's methods at rehearsal, but some things will bear repeating. About three years ago, an eye and ear witness thus wrote: "Of Mr. Barnby's popularity with the choir it is needless to speak; they receive him with applause at every rehearsal. Yet his tongue is caustic enough, and no rehearsal passes without making one of the parts smart. He wraps his wants and his criticisms in few words, and gets his way very rapidly. Firmness and determination are essential in dealing with such a large number of people. Mr. Barnby seems to be ambi-dexterous, for his left hand is often seen to mark the crooked places in a score while his right hand wields the bâton. Sometimes a rehearsal is given up to these crabbed passages, and it is seldom that a work is sung straight through. There is something in knowing instinctively what parts of a work will need rehearsing, and more still in coming prepared with a programme for the night. In patterning the tone quality he wants, Mr. Barnby is very happy; and when any part appears frightened at a maze of sharps and flats he sings it off quite readily, inspiring them with confidence. The pains he takes with new works is most praiseworthy; but unfortunately the audiences on these occasions are seldom so large as when the standard oratorios are given, and it is hard to understand how the expenses of over £500 a concert are made up." It has been said, and probably with truth, that Barnby introduced more great choral works to the London public than any other contemporary conductor.

Barnby's Eton post was a lucrative one, worth from £1,500 to £1,800 a year, with a residence. Yet when the Principalship of the Guildhall School of Music was offered to him in 1892, he at once accepted it, although the salary was only £800. How hard he worked in this as in all his other appointments everybody knows. The school is the largest institution of its kind in the world, and we believe that Barnby, besides acting as Principal, himself taught for six hours a day. There is, indeed, no doubt that, humanly speaking, he practically killed himself by overwork.

And now who is to succeed the deceased musician in his

two leading posts is the question of the hour. The Guildhall appointment is no light one, and the qualifications necessary for the adequate performance of its duties are neither few nor unimportant. It needs not only a first-rate "all-round" musician of recognised standing in the profession, but also an able administrator, with a clear-sighted and vigorous mind. There will, no doubt, be a shoal of candidates for the post—and indeed a number of ridiculously unsuitable people have already been proposed—but if the appointment is wisely made, the name of the successful man will be sure to commend itself to the musical public. The musical public, and especially the musical public of London, are, however, far less interested in the question of the Guildhall appointment than in that of the Albert Hall conductorship. And here the difficulties of selection are even greater, on account of the perplexing number of musicians who have made good at least some claim to be considered as eligible. Already, as in the other case, there have been plenty of names proposed. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is spoken of; but Sir Alexander has more than enough to do already, even if he were in all respects a satisfactory successor to Sir Joseph Barnby. Richter has been mentioned; but he is out of the question, and, besides, he would certainly decline the post. Mr. Manns is too old to be thought of, and the same may be said of Mr. Randegger and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Professor Prout has also seen his best days at this kind of work, and is in any case perhaps too much immersed in theoretical studies to care for the onerous duties of a conductorship. Dr. Hubert Parry is too fearful and anxious, and not resourceful enough for a post of the kind. Mr. George Riseley, of Bristol, who has been mentioned, would no doubt make an excellent conductor, but he is not likely to leave his important West of England work to start afresh in London. Other names have been brought forward in abundance, but they are all, for some reason or other, more or less unsatisfactory.

We have one name to propose, and we shall not be deterred from proposing it because another musical journal has forestalled us. We refer to Mr. Stewart Macpherson, conductor for ten years of that excellent body of singers, the "Streatham Choral Society," and also of the "Westminster Orchestral Society." Mr. Macpherson is British-born, and he is young, having been born in 1866. As a conductor of both choral and orchestral music he has already made his mark. He is a man whose temperament is peculiarly well fitted for the direction of a large body of singers. Under circumstances when any one else would very likely have broken down, he has never once been known to lose his head. During rehearsal he not only knows what he wants, but he has the rare gift of being able to convey his thoughts pleasantly to the singers in the fewest words possible, and he is ready for any emergency in a public concert. His academic record, too, has been good. He passed with much distinction through the Royal Academy of Music, winning many scholarships and prizes. During his last year, 1886, he held the Potter Exhibition, and, on completing his course, was appointed assistant-professor of harmony and composition, advancing to the rank of full professor in 1889. He is a capital organist and pianist, a composer of much excellent music, and a well-known writer on theoretical subjects. In every respect, indeed, he is a strong man, but he is modest, and not given to self-assertion, and is likely to be lost sight of among a host of incompetent busy-bodies unless the directors of the Royal Choral Society seek him out for themselves.

How our Military Bandmen are Trained.

UNTIL quite recent years bandmasters in the British army were mostly civilians, and the band of each separate regiment was instructed and practised in whatever manner seemed right to its own conductor. The bandmaster might or might not form an integral part of the corps to which he was attached, and no one could compel him to accompany his regiment to war or on foreign service unless he chose to do so. Each band, in short, was a law unto itself, played what instruments it pleased, and at what pitch it pleased. Now all this has been changed; uniformity has been secured, and all the military music of the country is under control from headquarters. As yet England remains the only nation which looks after the official and systematic training of her bandmen and bandmasters.

It was the Duke of Cambridge who brought about a remedy for the unsatisfactory state of matters to which reference has just been made. At his suggestion, Kneller Hall, near Hounslow, was taken and opened experimentally as a military school of music in 1857, and systematic instruction by a staff of professors was at once begun. The advantages of the plan proved so great that in 1875 the institution was formally taken over by the Government, and its maintenance provided for in the estimates. Bandmasters are now first-class sergeants of the regiments to which they belong, and the musical department in each regiment consists of a bandmaster, a sergeant, a corporal, and nineteen men (cavalry fourteen), besides boys as drummers and fifers. In action the duty of bandmen now is to help in rescuing the wounded under fire, and take charge of them in hospital.

But let us see for ourselves how things are conducted at Kneller Hall. The place, we should have premised, takes its name from being built on the site of the house of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter. An ordinary-looking structure it seems, at first sight, for it turns its back on the little village of Whitton; but when you enter the big gates and pass round to the front through a little grove, and look it full in the face, you have to admit that it is both graceful and well proportioned. The grounds are nicely laid out, yet not too severely; and there is a peacefulness about the whole place which makes a visitor feel at once what an ideal spot it is for a home of art.

There are two classes of students at the school: first, those known as sergeant-students, who are being trained as bandmasters; and second, lads who are being prepared for service in the regimental bands. The former are recommended by their respective commanding officers for their musical ability, their aptitude in the management of men—this is an important point—and their general fitness for responsibility; the latter are sent up in accordance with the recommendations of local bandmasters. The students for bandmasterships remain at the institution for at least two years; the lads in training as instrumentalists for about eighteen months. In summer there are seven, and in winter six hours of instruction daily.

The tuition is carried on by a staff of about ten professors, together with a schoolmaster, at whose classes all are obliged to attend. There is, besides, a chaplain who gives religious instruction and conducts service on Sundays. In addition to what we may call theoretical instrumentation—by which is meant an acquaintance with the pitch of instruments, their

suitable employment, and so on—the students have a practical course under the various masters, and so are quickly taught the method of fingering, blowing, etc. This is considered essential, because, owing to the introduction of the short-service system, bandmen, as a rule, remain but six years, and thus in the course of this time the entire *personnel* of the band, with some few exceptions, changes. To supply this constant drain, the bandmaster is incessantly engaged in teaching, and this he must learn to do in the quickest possible manner.

All the advanced students are in time attached to the professors as assistants, in order that they may have practical experience in teaching. They also occasionally conduct the full band at rehearsals and when playing in public. Every Tuesday evening is given up to trying over compositions and arrangements by some of the pupils; and it may be added that upon appointment each student leaves as a memento to the school library one or more of his compositions or arrangements which he thinks the best. Singing forms a regular branch of instruction at the Hall, and the students being in rotation responsible for the choral part of the Sunday service, they soon gain an intimate knowledge of military church choir work. Glees, part-songs, and other kinds of secular music are also regularly practised, this being deemed essential in view of the fact that bandmasters are generally required to look after the musical portion of all regimental entertainments. In connection with the institution there is a commodious reading-room as well as a good library, for which the Government gives an annual grant of books; while the apparatus for gymnasias and appurtenances for outdoor games are also abundantly supplied. In order, too, that the students may have an opportunity of hearing the best music, some two thousand admissions, on payment of a nominal sum, are granted annually to the opera, concerts, etc., of the metropolis.

Once a week the school band performs in the grounds in front of the building, the public being admitted free of charge. In the summer season one may find as many as five hundred people comfortably seated on the lawn, and a like number promenading about the grounds, whilst the grand parade is occupied with the carriages of the local nobility. The band usually numbers from eighty to ninety players, though the total strength of the institution runs generally to about one hundred and eighty. The bandmen, as a rule, wear the various uniforms of the service, and the different colours produce an effect decidedly picturesque. The advanced students, as already remarked, are allowed to conduct the band in public; and at these weekly performances each item in the programme is generally led by a separate conductor.

Regarding payments to officials at Kneller Hall, the commandant—in whose hands is the sole administration of the institution—receives £450 a year, his appointment lasting for seven years. The director of the school is paid from £200 to £300 a year by triennial increments of £25, and a sum not exceeding £760 a year is laid aside for fees to instructors. The quartermaster of the school receives the pay and allowances of a quartermaster of infantry. Students in the school when found competent to give elementary instruction are granted extra-duty pay, at rates varying from a penny to four-

pence a day as settled by the commandant; and they have also defrayed all expenses incurred in necessary repairs of their musical instruments. Bandmasters trained at the institution have a salary of £100 a year in addition to their regimental pay, the cost of this salary—a curious anomaly—coming from the private purses of the officers. Before Kneller Hall was taken over by the Government, the latter paid for nothing but the building, and the expenses were met by a levy of £10, subsequently reduced to £8, on every regiment in the service. Even now the Government does not contribute more than £3,000 a year to the support of the school, and the head of the institution is credited with having devoted a considerable sum from his private means to ensure the efficiency of the establishment.

In the service there are altogether about one hundred and forty-six infantry bands, of which three belong to the Foot Guards, one each to the Artillery and Engineers, and the remainder to the infantry of the line. The cavalry, including the household regiments and Royal Horse Artillery, number thirty-two. These figures do not include the Militia, Volunteers, and Royal Marines. Taking all the bands together, it is reckoned that there are six thousand musicians in the military service of the Crown.



Bungled Biography.

—:o:—

MR. F. J. CROWEST has massed together a host of names and called the concoction a "Dictionary of British Musicians." Such a piece of work was worth doing if it had been well done, but Mr. Crowest has not done it well. In the first place, his Dictionary omits a great many people who should have been there, and gives a great many more people who have no business in a roll of musicians at all. In the second place, the book is far from accurate and complete as to its dates and facts. And, in the third place, it is nothing like up to date, although the author claims that it is.

To take the latter point first. Mr. Crowest represents Professor Tyndall as being still alive. Sir William Cusins is also apparently still amongst us; so is Mr. King Hall; so is Sir George Elvey; so is Gwyllym Crowe; so is Edmund Gurney; so is Mr. Brown-Borthwick; so is Colonel Ewing, the composer of the tune sung to "Jerusalem, the golden"; so is Mr. George Ernest Lake; so is Mr. Alfred Whittingham; so is James Gilchrist, the "Scottish Stradivarius." These are a few, and only a few, specimens of Mr. Crowest's up-to-date information. He is evidently not a reader of the musical journals. If he were, he could not have failed to charge his memory with the fact that the above-named musicians had all passed to their rest—at any rate we have the fact in *our* head, and we have never tried to make a Dictionary of Musicians! Nor is this the only direction in which Mr. Crowest has failed in the matter of being up to date. Professor Prout, for example, is said to be critic of the *Athenaeum*, though he gave up that post some seven years ago. Mr. F. C. Atkinson is said to be "organist of Norwich Cathedral," though he left Norwich a good many years ago. Mr. Crowest, of course, does not give his successor's name. Mr. H. F. Frost, again, is said to be

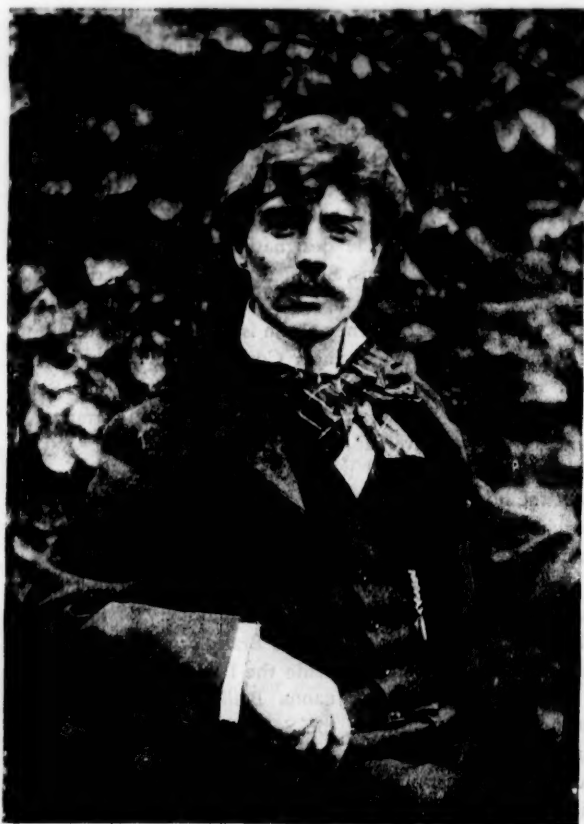
organist of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, whereas everybody knows he vacated the post some years ago. Nothing is said under Dr. G. J. Bennett of his being organist of Lincoln Cathedral.

Sometimes Mr. Crowest gives us no facts about a man at all. For example, he sets down the late Mr. Gruneisen as "critic of the *Athenaeum*" without telling us when or where he was born, or whether he is alive or dead. Again, we have entries standing bereft of everything but the mere name of the subject. Thus it is with "William Wallace," "George Walond," and some others, although in every case the necessary information would be quite easily obtainable by any one who knew how and where to search for it. Of Dr. Stephen Addington we have neither birth nor death dates, though these may be found in several works—Parr's "Church of England Psalmody" for one. Then several of the designations given to people are quite inappropriate. Thus, Stephen Storace is described as a violinist only, although he was the composer of some twenty operas. The late Mr. Corney Grain is called a "musical composer and mimic." Mr. Spencer Curwen is a "teacher"; his father is not mentioned in connection with the Tonic Sol-fa notation at all, but is an "English writer and arranger"; Frances Ridley Havergal is an "English composer"; Jean Adams, who is supposed to have written "There's nae luck about the house," is a "Scottish composer"; James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, *mirabile dictu!* is a "musician"; Oliver Goldsmith, *mirabile dictu!* again, is an "Irish flautist"; and so on. And, by the way, what on earth does Mr. Crowest want with Goldsmith or Hogg in a dictionary of musicians? What does he want with Nicholas Brady or Nahum Tate, the impecunious Irishmen who made the Psalms of David to run in doggerel rhyme? Or Joanna Baillie? Or the Baroness Nairne? Or Hew Ainslie, the Scotch minor poet? Or——. But really the list is too formidable. Mr. Crowest makes much of the great number of names he has brought together: one-fourth of the number represents nonentities; another fourth have no possible claim to be in the book at all.

To note all Mr. Crowest's errors would be a task for a twelvemonth. We made a beginning, but gave it up as a waste of valuable time. Madame Patey, he tells us, died on February 29, 1894, so that Mr. Crowest makes leap years for himself. John Arnold was buried on February 14, 1792, which makes it pretty certain that he could not have died in March, as Mr. Crowest has it. Chetham, the editor of the Psalmody bearing his name, is said to have died "*circa* 1760," the fact being that he died, according to the Skipton records, in August, 1763. Cornforth Gilson died, we are told, "*circa* 1770," whereas it has been shown that he was living in Edinburgh in 1774. Dr. Alcock was certainly not born in 1715, for in an advertisement to one of his compositions he speaks of it being "composed in the year 1732, before I was fifteen years of age." Nor did he die in March, 1806, as here stated, for he was buried on February 26. These specimens of Mr. Crowest's accuracy are all taken, it will be noticed, from the early part of his book. What a detailed examination of every letter would reveal may be readily inferred.

The truth is that we have had more than enough of this absurd dictionary-making. It is the cheapest and easiest kind of literary work when done in *one* way; the hardest and most difficult when done in *another* way. And unless it is done in the *other* way, there is no call to have it done at all. The dictionary-maker nowadays must go to original authorities, and not merely copy from his predecessors in the same line.

Albert Toft, Sculptor.



A Thankless Jade! YES! She of the plastic arts may be as beautiful as the other Muses—she is certainly no less fascinating—but let no votary rely on her gratitude. Men with capacities so exquisite as to make their fellows dub them “divine” have often set aside comfort, rest, and food as of small account, that they might worship at her shrine and make her haunts glorious; and for all this her offered guerdon has too often been “their trouble for their pains.” Penury, forebodings of famine, scorn, distrust, black grief—all disasters that can terrify the sensitive, only ending with the slitting of the “thin-spun life”—these she is well accustomed to serve out as wages to her servants; and they, if they survive her attempts on their lives, forget so readily her disfavour, when at times she smiles on them! To have something of her beauty unveiled to their eyes can purge away part of the bitterness of even death for them. The young sculptor above named is of those to whom for a time she was a tyrannous mistress. He was born thirty-three years ago beside Birmingham, and commenced his art education, while still a boy, at a night-school of art in the Staffordshire potteries. He must have had both an alert aptitude and a diligent hand, for by the time he was nineteen years of age he had obtained a Queen’s Scholarship, which gave him by right £52 a year for three years, the opportunity of study, and, what he himself considers the very best, tuition at South Kensington. At the end of his studentship there, he “struck out for himself” on that sea of troubles

where many a strong or weak swimmer has sunk after brief or protracted agony. If, as Carlyle said, Nature sends men afflictions in order to try if they have humour, she must be satisfied with Mr. Toft, for he can jest grimly at the various hunts round and about and in the city in quest of means of life in return for certain temporarily lodged securities. The necessity for these hunts lasted a “considerable time” and dire at times was the artist’s outlook on the future. What his case was at that time it “would be difficult for any one to realize.” Literal bread and butter, or, at rare times, cheese instead of butter, was his fare for months, and not too much, we fancy, of those wholesome but not luxurious viands. The second-hand-book dealer doled out assistance in return for precious books whose loss was little less grievous than want itself. Medals too passed from his once proud possession into the wide inane of the second-hand market. This was hard to bear, but harder still was the “gnawing of the worm.” The ship of life itself is in danger of sinking, so overboard with all that presses her down, however ornamental! The books and medals went, in order that life, which meant art, might be kept.

Then vaguely, and soon more assuredly, the “*Sic itur ad Astra!*” way to the starred regions of success began to open out. Second-hand Mæcenases had cast shrewd eyes on small bas-reliefs of eminent personages from our sculptor’s hand. Might not replicas of these be made so cheaply as to place them within the reach of the poorest hero-worshipper? Why, of course! The very thing! The replicas were turned out industriously; and those images of the celebrated, being “lent” to the certain “uncles,” brought coin into Mr. Toft’s pockets at the rate of one shilling or even one and sixpence each, until they could be redeemed! I need hardly say that these loans, or rather borrowings, were like one of Dr. Johnson’s from his friend Boswell: “Bozzy! lend me a shilling pray—not to be repaid!” However, after this period of stress and struggle, Mr. Toft’s work did attract notice and admiration and cash more commensurate with the art value of that work than had hitherto been the case. Since then his life has been fortunate and peaceful to a degree; and the later years have left happy indications in the swarming first draughts, replicas, and finished originals, in clay, or stone, or marble, which make Mr. Toft’s study a very labyrinth to thread one’s way through.

Embodied Thoughts. Doubtless he knows each maze of this labyrinth, but to the visitor it is a pleasing puzzle for some little time. Crowds of figures—life-size down to merest miniatures—like those from Tanagra; volutes and borders in low relief; *ébauches* for large works done, or to be done; translations of form that express their author’s thoughts and feelings more or less completely; some things built evidently as portraits, others instinct with symbol and metaphor;—these, and more than these, are the efforts of years to embody into palpability the impalpable of the world of spirituality. Doubtless each item could be tabulated in its order of emergence from his brain, where it once was but a diffusion of thought till it became crystallized into the unity we can apprehend by sight

and touch. On looking round his room, with its crowds of objects from his own hand and brain, one feels a gentle surprise that it should all have emanated from the unaggressive, slightly-built man who meets us. But something firm, deep, and flexible in his tones; the vigour, animation and mind expressed by his features; and a general decisiveness of demeanour, all combine to explain how well the workman is fitted for such an output of work. Three portraits in low-relief of three ladies have lately employed him. They are remarkable for their union of character with beauty. As I saw them they seemed as if by some innate force they had gathered *themselves* into form and texture, rather than owed their being to patient and painstaking labour. One of these portraits is of a deceased lady, and on scanning it, its limited, suggested, half-fulfilment of form appealed to me as perhaps the very best mode of memorizing the dead. Something in the method suggests painting or even writing; and the absence of any rivalry with the rounded forms of reality is harmonious with our sense of the remoteness of a departed friend.

Looking up from these works, a strong, deep-carven countenance, that of a bust in bronze, meets the eye. It is William Ewart Gladstone. Contrary to his wont, Mr. Gladstone was liberal in giving sittings for this portrait. He even on several occasions sat for two hours, "conversing the whole time." An image of the fact came to me with these words quoted from Mr. Toft, and I did not dare to disturb it by asking if Mr. G— did all the conversing. I should say, if he did, that may account for Mr. Toft's successful prolongation of the sittings. This head, of all that I have seen save one, gives best the leonine look of the "Grand Old Man." The exception is a painting by J. W. Brown that hangs in the Liberal Club dining-room of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Most of Gladstone's portraits give his pugnacity merely, or his look of loquacity merely; but in this bust, and that painting, the controlled virility of the man is well seen alongside of others—his well-known characteristics. In a shadowy recess stands a cast of the sculptor's "Fate-led," the original of which may be seen in the centre of the principal room in Liverpool Art Gallery. It is Humanity following the unknown power who gives attention to every noblest or meanest thing that creeps or walks on this planet. Another subject dealing with the idea of futurity, its mystery and uncertainty, is the "Oracle." Near by is that bust of Mr. Cuninghame Grahame, the mastery and fidelity of which were so noticed some time back in, I think, the New Gallery. It was done just before that gentleman "fluttered the Volsces" in the Commons with a big word of condemnation, still remembered with mixed amusement, resentment, or gratitude, according to the lack or presence of humour in those who think of it. The whole head expresses the recalcitrant nature; but especially that unconventional moustache of his, which revolts against hirsutian law even to the point of outrage. No guardsman with an atom of self-respect could see such a moustache without wishing to put its owner to death as an embodied flout of all that he most venerates. The bust itself is alive with character. Another work, exhibited two or three years ago in the New Gallery, was remarkable alike in the picturesque quality of the subject, and in the skill of its interpretation. It was a bronze bust of Mr. Worrell, so well known to those who visit the Agnew Galleries in Bond Street. The hair of mellow white, the ruddy, almost rosy, hue of the face, the clear eyes, and the skull-cap of black velvet, were all somehow suggested in that counterfeit presentment. Most probably the

idea of colour was given by the vivid fidelity with which such a strongly characterized face was carved.

Mr. Toft once made a fine bust of that precocious Master, now Mr., Hambourg, who has pleased so many people with his skill on the piano. A cast of it is here, and certainly the cliff-like brow, the firm and nervous mouth—the upper lip recalling the impending look of Beethoven's—and the strong-built look of the whole face, crowned with abundant locks of hair, corroborate the hopes his friends entertain of the young man's future eminence. Not yet fully developed ideas, in clay mostly, stand about, some with so much of the breath of thought in them that it seems dangerous to do much more, lest the subtle essence should vanish in the very effort to strengthen and complete.

One of these schemes is of a somewhat hackneyed subject—"Death and Age"; but the treatment, which is the life of an art work, is not in any hackneyed style. Some panels of industrial subjects, which adorn a monument to Sir W. Pearce at Craigton, have perforce led Mr. Toft into the ways of the pre-Raphaelite; for they symbolize the modern ideas of navigation, engineering, and their handmaid, design. A cast is here of a statue in honour of Major White, founder of the Robin Hood Rifles, which stands in the grounds of Nottingham Castle. There is also a colossal cast of one erected to the late Mr. Richard, M.P. for somewhere in Wales. The swing of the ordinary respectable frock-coat is so given as to make an unpromising subject almost æsthetic in its result. Here is a cast that perpetuates the memory of a fine Persian cat which belonged to the Duchess of Bedford. The carved statue decorates some wooded seclusion near Rugby. The living original passed some time ago into a region beyond those voices with which some of us are at times too much familiar. The monument, placed over the resting-place of his mortal remains, bears a record of the life, virtues, and death of "Thomas Puss." As represented by Mr. Toft, he seems to have been a supple, easy-going, self-possessed, and well-bred personage, with a wealth of flowing hair and a straightforward glance. There needed nothing more to complete Thomas's post-mortem felicity, unless it might be some sympathetic Gray or Cowper to elegize him. Mr. Toft, being still far from the time when "age with his stealing steps shall claw him in his clutch," and with an already large practice in varied forms of life, it may be hoped he will be of those whose afternoon of labour is as sunny as their morning was bright.

His future aims.

His work exhibits signs of many mental qualities which, directing his excellent technique, should eventuate in a summary of achievement far above what has been seen among his immediate predecessors in England. He evidently delights in portraiture, and is among those who are glad to receive and acknowledge inspiration from the great princes of the Greek and Italian schools of sculpture. He is not content with a faithful and harsh interpretation of nature. Beauty draws him as strongly as verity. Donatello brings out his sympathies sooner, one would imagine, than Michael Angelo. Far from him be the austerities and the rigidities that some believe can palliate the removal even of whole muscles from the female thigh in order to give chastity a complete expression! Equally remote from his aims are the ancient ideas that dignity and greatness and moral meanings depended on the arrangement of groups so as to come within certain geometrical figures. As yet that sense of the tragic, that belief in the solemnity of the human destiny, which has possessed

some great artists so strongly as at last to evolve into mere grotesqueness and comicality, as in the case of David Scott,—this sense of the antihilarious character of man's fate, has shown itself somewhat reticently in Mr. Toft's statue "Fateled," and in the bas-relief I have referred to, "Death and Age." Whether his thinkings and workings will wend more broadly on those overshadowed fields of thought,—whether the still "dark continent" of the Ideal is to be the scene of his endeavours in the future, must depend quite as much on the patron as on the sculptor. The past heroes of art, who did not consider that necessity as they chose their vocation, have been so many examples of terror, which to ignore indicates insanity, and brings only a repetition of their ill-luck. Barry, Blake, Alexander Runciman, and his brother John who fell in the struggle beside Naples: last of all, and greatest but one of the British art mystics, David Scott—these tried to live, and think, and design, without reference to bread. But it would not do. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, are vulnerable in the stomach to the attacks of Fate, even as common men. Would they shed their ideals beneficently on this unideal world? Then they must first attend to the satisfaction of the grossest fact in their composite frames—digestion! Man, physically and spiritually, does live by bread alone: that is the

sad truth. Looked at fairly, those human instances that we have been taught to think of as proofs of the other doctrine do, in fact, disprove it. The history of all the self-sacrificing preachers of Ideals in the past has mostly been a history of men who failed and died for want of bread. Moral: win bread, and you possibly may display your ideal or carry it out. Without bread you will certainly not do so. Fortunately, even in this land of the Philistine, a glimmering perception begins to grow of the very necessity for a touch of the ideal even in the statement of matters of fact. Portraiture is now recognised as a fair field for its operation. So that when men like the subject of this notice are restricted to that field, their faculty is not wasted on mere mechanic details. Some of Mr. Toft's bas-reliefs, spoken of above, might be used as wall decoration by people who knew naught of the originals or the degree of exactitude with which the originals are represented. As to the sculptor's limitations, this is not the place to say whether he has them, or what they are. To discriminate such beauty as he can give us is enough for me; and if the estimate seem narrower than is just, there is at least no denial that finer things are possible to him. Effort, and a cherished ideal! *Sic itur ad Astra!*

Authors and their Works.

—:0:—

GUY BOOTHBY.

"IF there is one place more than another, where, winter and summer alike, amid every sort of luxury, the modern Englishman may be seen relaxing his cares and increasing his energies, the name of that place is Bournemouth." So writes Mr. Guy Boothby in his most famous story; and it is a fact that during the past two or three years, he has spent a considerable portion of his time at that favourite seaside resort. One lovely evening last summer, during a holiday visit to Bournemouth, I was strolling on the pier, listening to young Dan Godfrey's fine band, when I met the creator of "Doctor Nikola." I spoke, somewhat enviously I am afraid, of the delights of living in so charming a place, but Mr. Boothby shook his head. "I am leaving for town this week," he said. "I want to get back to life once more." I looked at the hundreds of people passing and re-passing as we stood. "Life?" I repeated wonderingly. "Yes. In places like this there is a want of variety—a sameness about the people, about everything, which wearies one in time. Let me mount a London omnibus again, and I shall be happy."

Ever since Guy Boothby resigned his appointment in the Adelaide Municipal Offices some ten years ago, the passion for change and adventure has had a strong hold upon him. The countries he describes in his stories are all familiar to him. He has travelled from Australia to Colombo, in company with (to use his own summary) "Hindoos, Greeks, Afghan camel-men, Italian organ-grinders, German bands, and Pyrenean bear-men." He has wandered among the ruins of the great Cingalese cities which lie hidden away in the interior of Ceylon. He has tried pearl-diving at Thursday

Island, and served as a sailor in the East Indies. Every one has heard of his tramp across Australia, so vividly described in "On the Wallaby," when for thirteen months he battled with dangers innumerable, and even with death itself, in the lonely wastes of that great and almost unexplored continent.

It is to this acquaintance with life in its many phases that Guy Boothby owes much of his success in literature. Although, so far as I know, the chief characters of his stories have no actual counterpart in real life, yet in describing the stirring adventures through which they pass, he is often either recounting his own experiences, or those of others which he has witnessed in many an out-of-the-way corner of the globe. Like Zola, he is a man of note-books. During his travels hither and thither, he has written down well-nigh everything he has heard and seen; so when he begins work on a new story, he has a mass of material ready to hand from which to select characters and incidents.

Strange to say, Mr. Boothby's early essays at authorship took the form of plays. His first work for the stage was produced in 1885, at a theatre now known as the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, and was so far successful as to encourage the young author to make further attempts in the same direction. I had the following description of his experience as a dramatic author from Mr. Boothby's own lips.

"I soon found," he said, "the business was a very precarious one. If I wrote a piece which especially pleased me, something was sure to happen at the performance to spoil it. I shall never forget one instance of this. I had written a little one-act play for a young Australian actor at that time appear-

ing in Adelaide, and made arrangements for its first production at a matinée got up for the benefit of a well-known comedian who happened to be hard up. The programme consisted of the first act of *Haselmere*, a nigger performance, a mountebank show, and my piece to finish with. After the juggling tricks and the Christy minstrel business, which made the people roar, you can imagine that my piece, a very pathetic affair, stood a bad chance. I went down to the 'wings' full of forebodings, and was just in time to hear the prompter say he had left his copy at home; that the property baby which was to play an important part in the story had been forgotten; and that the leading lady was ill in bed. How they got through that piece I could never describe. My pet actor forgot his lines; the lady under-study made the audience laugh in the most touching parts; and a page-boy, who declined to appear at the proper moment, had to be pitched on to the stage by the prompter, and landed on all-fours close to the empty cradle. Next day the local papers were more cutting than complimentary about that play."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is always ready with a word of encouragement for those who need it, was one of the first to recommend Mr. Boothby to adopt literature as a profession, and even went so far as to introduce him to his own publishers. The two young men met in Australia, and struck up an acquaintance which has since ripened into close fellowship. Some critics have professed to be able to trace the influence of "our only Rudyard" on the writings of his friend, and have even applied to Mr. Boothby the title of "The Australian Kipling." The relevancy of this title is open to question. I have read the works of both authors, and have failed to discover any salient points of resemblance. Mr. Kipling in his earlier stories (the only ones which can be considered in this connection) deals with the frivolities, the intrigues, the vices of a section of that unholy community which we call Society. Like Mr. Boothby, he has travelled far and wide, and his dominion reaches round the globe. But in his writings he takes the world, as it were, in small pieces. Mr. Boothby leads us at once into the open field of adventure. He does not trouble himself with scene-painting, but piles up incident on incident with amazing prodigality, giving, however, to the wildest situations a touch of reality without which they would lose their effect.

As an artist, Mr. Kipling is, of course, Mr. Boothby's superior. The author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "The Jungle Book" has a style which is thoroughly his own, and which, in the opinion of many, entitles him to sit among the masters of fiction. But of late his style has become more

involved, his ideas more difficult to follow. Mr. Boothby writes simply and directly, employing vigorous and robust, rather than graceful and elegant language. He is not brilliant, but there is an attraction about his stories which makes it difficult, having once taken them up, to put them down until the final page is reached.

I have spoken of Mr. Boothby's larger works, rather than his short stories, because it is in the former that his strength is seen. "In Strange Company," one of his first novels, and "The Marriage of Esther" were worthy forerunners of that marvellously popular story, "A Bid for Fortune," in which we first meet with "Doctor Nikola." Few novelists have the good luck to introduce to the world a character which so readily takes the public fancy as did "Doctor Nikola." In young and old alike, the doings of this mysterious man, and his uncanny arts, have aroused an interest almost feverish in its intensity. Mr. Boothby, by this one weird conception, has placed himself in the front rank of popularity. Nikola is not, however, Mr. Boothby's *chef d'œuvre*, any more than Conan Doyle's "Private Detective," is his masterpiece. But, as to the minds of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ordinary readers, Sherlock Holmes represents the full strength of Mr. Conan Doyle's genius, so there can be no doubt that the fierce light which Mr. Boothby has thrown upon the personality of Nikola has blinded the eyes of many to his more skilfully portrayed characters. "A Bid for Fortune" has its weak points, but there is a manliness—a *go* about it—which cannot fail to commend it to the most obdurate critic; and if the end is a little disappointing, does it not serve to sharpen our appetites for the further revelations concerning the "Doctor" which Mr. Boothby promises us in the near future?

For so young a man, Mr. Boothby is a very rapid writer. In addition to the books already mentioned, which have appeared in quick succession, he has written recently a serial for Mr. Rider Haggard's *African Review*, under the euphemistic title of "The Beautiful White Devil." This will, I venture to prophesy, be followed in the course of a month or so, by another story in book form, which will prove not the least among the author's successes.

To personally describe Mr. Boothby is not an easy matter. His appearance does not in any respect fulfil the popular idea of an author. He is simply a good-looking, well-built young fellow, who grasps your hand heartily, and looks you straight in the face when he speaks. He is singularly modest about his work, and shows no desire to talk about either his books or himself.



Mlle. Katti de Noel.

—:o:—



ONE of the most recent of *débutantes* is the lady whose portrait heads these remarks; and a few evenings ago I found myself in the cosy quarters in Ebury Street, where with her mother she has taken up her residence for the present.

"Well, I suppose," remarked the cheery little lady, "you want my photograph, or my life, or something of that sort?"

"I have no such bloodthirsty intent," I replied, "but I should like, if not the 'life,' at least a few details concerning it."

"I'm afraid it has been a very uneventful one; the main incident in it seems to have been my coming over here last September."

"By 'coming over,' I presume you mean from America?"

"Yes; you know American names seldom suggest the nationality of the bearer, and I am no exception to the rule."

"From the success of your recent concert, I should say you did a good amount of singing in your native country?"

"Yes, but not professionally. I had sung for a great many charities and so forth, and—if I may say it—I seemed to meet with such success that four years ago I determined to make the plunge and go in for singing as thoroughly as I could."

"Did you study in America?"

"All my training has been there. I spent two years under Agramonte, and afterwards the same length of time under

F. Q. Dulken—the teacher of Mesdames Nordica and Emma Abbott. But beyond the fact that I worked hard with them I have nothing of interest to tell—absolutely nothing! A student's life isn't usually one of exciting incident."

"How do you like singing to an English audience?"

"Oh, as far as my—at present—limited experience goes, I find them simply charming. A performer doing his or her best always seems to have their sympathy at once. My own countrymen always seem to me very cold by comparison in that respect."

"With your range of voice, have you never thought of opera?"

"Often. I am very fond of acting, and have done—as an amateur—a good deal in the way of theatricals. Perhaps the favourable moment for opera may come along for me, and there is no work I should love better."

"Have you studied many operas as yet?"

"I know by heart of course the usual popular ones, *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Figaro*, *Mignon*, *Dinorah*, *William Tell*, and so on, but the *Flying Dutchman* is the only one of Wagner's which I should be able to sing from memory."

"Do you find Wagner trying to the voice?"

"At present, yes; but of course I shall have to memorize his other operas sooner or later, if for no other reason than that I am fond of them."

"Do you find memorizing troublesome?"

"Not at all. I never have found it the least trouble either to learn a new thing, or—when learnt—to remember it."

"Do you suffer from the usual nervousness when facing an audience?"

"Happily, no. The only approach to it I have felt has been when singing to my own countryfolk. As I said before, your English audience seems to have a way of making you feel at ease at once."

With such a fresh voice and appearance as Mlle. de Noel possesses, her musical future ought not to be a matter of the least doubt.



Music in Hospital.

—:o:—

IT is a trite saying, often repeated, that one-half of this wicked world knows nothing of how the other half lives; and to vary this aphorism it may be said that only those actually engaged in charitable work know a tithe of what is really done to mitigate in some degree the hard, joyless lives of the suffering poor. Conspicuous in this respect are the great hospitals of our metropolis; but it was only last Christmas that I realized to what an extent this generous principle is carried out by willing workers.

I need not go into any details respecting the festive appearance of the decorated wards at that season—the ample descriptions in the daily papers absolve me from that duty; it is the music which specially concerns me at present. Guy's hospital was the scene of my observations, and I then learnt for the first time a fact which is probably as new to readers of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* as it was to myself: that in every ward a piano is lent for a fortnight during the Christmas season by some one of our leading firms, and that concerts (often of a

high class character) during that time go on—morning, noon, and night—organized by willing helpers, both professional and amateur. This generosity on the part of pianoforte firms is so laudable that I think I shall be betraying no secret if I give the names of those who provided the instruments which helped so materially to brighten the Christmas festivities in the fourteen wards of Guy's. Messrs. Broadwood (two instruments), Messrs. Bechstein, Chas. Stiles & Co., Pleyel, Wolff & Co., D'Almaine & Co., Collard & Collard, Chas. Venables & Co., S. B. Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Steinway & Sons, Weekes & Co., Erard & Co., Brinsmead & Sons.

The concert season is always opened on Christmas Day by the traditional programme provided by the Dis-Guysed Minstrels—a body of students who, with banjo and song, perambulate the wards, giving a short "turn" in each. Some idea of the stupendous tax on the performers may be gathered from the fact that on this occasion they commenced their tour of the wards at 1.30 p.m., and their last song was not sung until shortly after 7.30. Only the lusty lungs of a medical student, I should imagine, could stand six hours without a break of this sort of musical exercise. By the patients, I fancy, these "Minstrel" performances are perhaps the most appreciated of any, judging at least from the obvious enjoyment with which the choruses of popular songs are joined in by the occupants of the beds.

The Dis-Guysed took a new departure this year, and instead of confining their performances to the wards for the amusement of the inmates, they organized a tour of the suburbs, as well as flying visits into Essex and Hampshire, with their entertainment, in aid of the funds of the hospital. A new feature in their programme this year was a small but very efficient orchestra of sixteen performers, who, besides supplying the accompaniments and incidental music, gave some highly creditable readings of genuine orchestral pieces. I am told that the efforts of the Dis-Guysed, after defraying the heavy expenses of the tour, resulted in the handsome sum of over £200 being handed over to the treasurer of the hospital. I must say that I was struck by the crisp and clean finish of the choral singing, and by the energy and "go" displayed by the band. I understand that, stimulated by their success in this connection, a movement is on foot to make a choral and orchestral society a permanent institution in Guy's. A capital idea, if properly carried out. With over 700 students—some of great ability as singers and players—the thing ought not to be a matter of great difficulty.

Into the details of the subsequent concerts in the various wards I need hardly enter, as they were all of a more or less popular character; but I ought to say the standard of performance was of a much higher order than that of many a local musical society for whose concerts we secure our five-shilling reserved seat.

The great function of Christmastide, however, is always that held in "Philip" ward on New Year's Day, and the Philippians certainly are entertained by an array of talent only to be met with at theatre "benefit" performances. The performers are entirely recruited from the ranks of the leading members of the dramatic profession. On this occasion the management of the affair was in the hands of Mr. Robb Harwood, the amusing "Svengali" of the recently deceased

burlesque "A Model Trilby," and the well-known names which filled the programme indicated an entertainment sufficiently kaleidoscopic to suit every variety of taste. Several unrehearsed effects were by no means the least amusing features of it—as, for example, when Arthur Roberts allayed a tendency to panic (caused by the accidental firing of a large Chinese lantern) by gravely protesting that he'd prefer giving his songs without any "limelight effects"; or when Miss Maggie Roberts apostrophized a prominent member of the Minstrel troupe (perched over a fireplace) as the "Naughty, naughty man in the moon." I reached the scene in time for Miss Alice Atherton's now famous "laughing" song, given in capital style. Miss Ethel Haydon followed with a Scotch ballad, daintily sung, and after a recitation by Mr. Eric Lewis, Miss Ethel Edwards warbled very prettily. Mr. Farren Soutar (with the veteran Meyer Lutz at the piano) told us heaven only knows how much of the joys of soldiering. Miss Sadie Jerome, "of the U.S.A.," was in excellent form as she gave us the story of the mal-treatment of a piano by one Rubinstein. Mr. Edwin Barwick was "great" in his imitations of "the Charge of the Light Brigade" in the styles of the Cockney, the Irishman, the American, and, of course, Sir Henry Irving; and Mr. C. P. Little brought the house down as he described the angelic sweetness with which a village curate delivered an address under circumstances which, to say the least, were a direct incentive to blasphemy, even on the part of a mild-mannered cleric. Of Miss Maggie Roberts I have already spoken. She was followed by our only "Arthur" (Gentleman Joe of that ilk), who, being in merry pin, kept the laughter going from entrance to exit. The inevitable "Tommy Atkins" praises were once more sung in good style by Mr. Harrison Brockbank, and Mr. Milray tootled agreeably on some nondescript instrument, varying this performance by singing some pretty melodies to guitar accompaniment. Miss Kate Cutler followed with her whistling song from "A Model Trilby," and I then left Mr. Ben Nathan reciting with what our evangelical friends would call "great acceptance." I subsequently heard that Mr. Fred Storey's "Charwoman" also met with "great acceptance," and the ovation which Mr. "Johnny Shine" received from an enthusiastic crowd of students at the witching hour of midnight, before the statue of Thomas Guy, dispensed with the need of further proof of the success of his efforts in the afternoon.

With regard to the aforesaid "ovation," I may say that it took place on the occasion of a traditional function in which all true Guyites endeavour to take part on the last night of the old year. They gather in a ring round the Founder's statue in the front quadrangle, with joined hands, and as the clock strikes the hour of midnight, a chosen soloist breaks the silence with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the chorus of which is lustily sung by the whole assembly. After cheers for the pious Founder and a chaotic rush (still *unctis manibus*) about the statue, the process of "chairing" round the quad of the most popular members of the fraternity commences.

This was the last of the festivities which I had the privilege of seeing. Of course the various concerts were not of too severely classical a character; but, as I have said, the standard of performance struck me as being a particularly high one. I only hope we shall hear more of the projected Musical Society.



Our University Music Professors.

II.—SIR JOHN STAINER.

WE hear a good deal in these days about the threatened extermination of the choir-boy in favour of the new woman—new, that is, in the church choir. The calamity is not likely to fall upon us just yet awhile; when it does, we shall have to bethink ourselves of a new system for the production of church musicians. A list of eminent musicians who have begun their career as choir-boys would run to very considerable dimensions. Sir Arthur Sullivan would be in it, and closely following him would be Sir John Stainer, about whom we have chosen to speak on the present occasion.

Born in London in 1840, Stainer became a chorister in St. Paul's at the early age of seven, and remained at the cathedral until his voice broke some nine years later. He seems to have had a good time altogether in those days. He managed to show off his voice so well in the solos that half-crowns, crowns, and even half-sovereigns often tumbled into his pockets as gifts from admirers. Immediately after the service he used to cross the road to the nearest pastrycook's—"our usual 'tuck shop,'" he calls it—followed by a crowd of boy friends. They found their way into the back parlour, and open and three-cornered tarts were a few of the good things which crowned the entertainment. What appetites boys have to be sure! Having made the acquaintance of Arthur Sullivan, then a chorister at the Chapel Royal, the juveniles used to make for the river, purchase an ample supply of nuts and oranges, and then pass the time making pleasure trips up and down the Thames in the penny steamboats. Stainer's father was schoolmaster at St. Thomas', Southwark, and besides these pleasure trips, the future musician used to go to and from St. Paul's by steamboat. Speaking of this time, he says: "I remember on one occasion—I was a little fellow, and could not have been more than thirteen years of age—I was in the boat, and on nearing one of the bridges the man at the wheel discovered that there was no one on deck to lower the funnel. There was no time to spare, and I being the only passenger within call, the skipper requested me to hold the wheel while he jumped down and succeeded in preventing the funnel smashing into the bridge. I considered myself a man for quite a week afterwards." Sir John admits that he was "a very bad boy" in those days. The choristers were strictly forbidden to climb about St. Paul's, but he often used to get up and sit on the cornice above the choir. Among his fellows at that period was Henry Gadsby and Warwick Jordan.

Even as a boy Stainer was considered a prodigy player. "I took to music when quite a child," he says himself. "We had an organ in the house, and I used to stand on the floor and pump, and actually had to reach up to the keys; and to use the pedals I had to walk about on them." While at St. Paul's, he learnt harmony under Bayley, and counterpoint under Dr. Steggall. Miss Hacket—here as elsewhere the chorister's friend—took an interest in him, and paid his fees to study the organ under George Cooper at St. Sepulchre's. At the age of twelve he sang the soprano part in Sieggall's degree exercise, at Cambridge, and at the age of fourteen he took his first organist's appointment at the church of St. Benedict and St. Peter, Paul's Wharf. In 1856 he resigned

that berth and left London, having accepted the offer of Sir Frederick Ouseley to become organist at St. Michael's College, Tenbury. In 1859 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he succeeded Blyth as organist, and shortly afterwards he followed Stephen Elvey as organist to the University. Whilst at Oxford he was by no means idle, for he founded the Oxford Philharmonic Society, revived the Oxford Choral Society, and also founded the Orpheus Society. In 1865 he took his degree of Mus. Doc., and in 1872 he went back to St. Paul's as the successor of Sir John Goss.

At St. Paul's Stainer broke all precedent by remaining organist for only ten years. It has been said that the best way to secure a long life is to get appointed to the metropolitan cathedral; and there is evidently something in the idea. John Jones, who became organist in 1755, held the post for forty-one years; Attwood, his successor, reigned for forty-two years; and Goss was organist for thirty-four years. For substantial reasons, too, St. Paul's is worth holding. To Sir John Stainer the berth brought in, it is understood, something like £750 a year; and, besides that, there is the organist's house at No. 1, Amen Corner, one of the healthiest residences in the whole city of London.

It is interesting to note how great has been the change in all sorts of ways at St. Paul's since Stainer's early days there. He remembers standing as a choir-boy by the graveside of Turner, the great painter, at a time when the crypt was without windows and the floor was all in puddles. Everybody remembers when the cathedral was without the splendid bells it now possesses; and an old dean's verger tells an amusing story of his having been, one Sunday evening, at seven or eight o'clock, called out by a policeman, who was convinced that there was "something up in the cathedral as didn't ought to be." There was actually a light in the building! As for the music, we may guess what it was like by the fact that when Stainer was appointed organist he found an insignificant little anthem inscribed, "Very suitable for a cold morning"! Of course he soon improved upon the state of things musical. It chanced that the organ was being rebuilt when he returned to St. Paul's, so that there was an entirely fresh start, and the cathedral became in time as notable for the high character of its musical services as it had formerly been for its dulness and its slovenliness.

In this connection it may not be uninteresting to dwell for a little on the view held by Sir John Stainer with regard to church music—for Sir John is, after all, essentially a church musician, in spite of his Professorship. To begin with, he has not much sympathy with the cry that is now frequently heard for simple congregational music. The reasons given in many quarters for the overthrow of the choir are, first that if a choir sings anything in which the people cannot join, the people are being defrauded of a right, and second that the only plea for allowing a choir to sing an anthem or other choral piece is that they cannot be kept together unless indulged in opportunities of showing themselves off. Against both these views Sir John enters a vigorous protest. He fails entirely, as other sensible people fail, to discover any artistic,

historical or ecclesiastical ground for this sort of universal claim to hum or howl in *any* portion of our church services. Moreover, he can give personal testimony to the mischief caused by the so-called privilege. "I have frequently," he says, "had congregational singers near me who have not only entirely disturbed my own worship, but that of everybody within a radius of five yards, sometimes by singing every melody at the interval of a third or sixth below, on one occasion by singing uniformly a perfect fifth below the trebles, and always at the top of their voices. But perhaps my greatest infliction was to have a man just behind me who, I cannot say sang, but produced the melody of everything two octaves below the trebles in a bee-in-a-bottle sort of tone, which, heard anywhere but in church, would have been a piece of inimitable comicality." To silence such a man, we are told, would be to defraud him of a rightful privilege. Sir John Stainer would say that the only privilege he would be deprived of, were he silenced, would be the privilege of being hauled up before a magistrate for brawling in church.

Why should it be supposed that bad singing is good enough for church use? It may be urged that the efficacy of an offering to God does not depend upon its artistic merit or money value, but on the motive and spirit of the offerer. But do we accept this principle consistently? If the adult members of a congregation were to present themselves to their minister, carrying various pots of paint, and were to ask to be allowed to decorate the church, would he permit them to bedaub the fabric because their motive was so commendable? If men or women want to join in the singing in our churches, they should at least take some little trouble to cultivate their voices, and to learn the music. After this, their musical offering, however poor and meek, at all events would have cost them something, namely, a little trouble. Sir John Stainer wants unmusical people to realize that their untrained attempts at singing stand on no higher level than a child's first attempt to sketch a horse or paint a cow. He is behind no one in his admiration of good congregational singing; but he wants congregations to be told distinctly in what musical portions of the worship they may join, and in what portions they should meditate in silence. In short, the conclusion he arrives at is this: that congregational rehearsals on a week-day evening should be encouraged as much as possible in our parishes. After a few prayers or a short form of service, all the portions of the service in which the congregation can legitimately join should be carefully practised. Such a system would, in course of time, practically turn our congregations into vast amateur choirs, and then the music of the people would be an offering not quite so unworthy of Him to whom it is offered. Of course after you have got such a congregation, some people would more than ever require to know what use you had for a choir. Better not ask the question of Stainer. He would ask in return what is the use of those mullions and that delicate tracery, and richly-coloured stained glass? Away with it all! Good plate glass in strong wooden sashes will admit twice as much light in winter, and give plenty of wholesome ventilation in summer. If we are to approach sacred art from a purely utilitarian point of view, what is the use of a tower or spire! You cannot have a vestry or an organ up there, or hold a mothers' meeting in it. Ah! but you forget; as

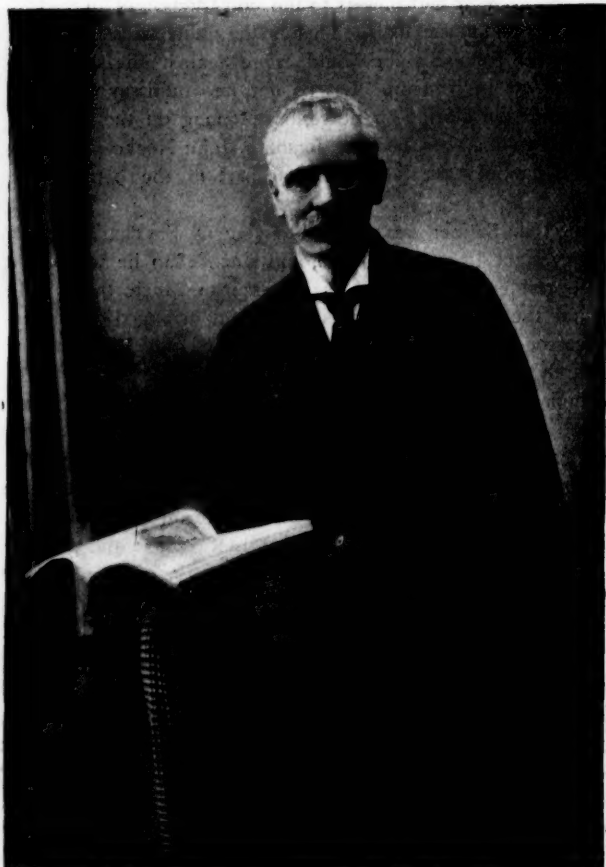
the anthem only exists in order that the choir may "show off," so perhaps the spire is a sort of architect's anthem. Perhaps church architects cannot be "kept together" unless indulged with an occasional spire; it is no doubt merely thrown into the plans lest architects should desert church-work and devote their best powers to the construction of municipal buildings and music halls. That is the finely sarcastic way in which Sir John Stainer would argue against the utilitarian view of art in worship. Let us not, he would say wantonly, cast aside our glorious heritage, borne along on the gathering crest of rolling ages, because, forsooth, John Noakes and Tom Styles cannot take their personal part in the performance of it.

Sir John Stainer was obliged to give up St. Paul's because his eyesight began to fail him, and since 1889 he has had a quiet residence in Oxford as Professor of Music there. He found the matter of degrees fairly well arranged by his predecessor Ouseley, but the course of instruction he has organized entirely himself. As was remarked some time ago in these columns, it is not his intention or his desire to convert Oxford into a second-rate conservatoire. He has no wish to see undergraduates, who ought to be preparing for the work in life to which they are best adapted, spending all their time in toying with music. But those who intend to go in for music he insists shall do so thoroughly. Of course the granting of degrees is a large part of Sir John's work at Oxford. Like Professor Prout, he has a remarkable knack of finding out what candidates know without becoming a terror to them. This is nowhere better seen than in the papers he sets for the Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. degrees. The questions are rational, and the candidate is not worried by questions of the College of Organists' type—that is, When was the swell-box invented? Who was John Smith, and where was he born? and such like. Sir John himself gives three lectures every year, and it is his aim to adapt these to the average university person, who, to tell the truth, knows little of music and especially its technical side.

Though most people thought Sir John Stainer had practically gone into retirement when he left London, he is still one of the foremost active musicians in the country. In proposing his health, not so long ago, his friend, Professor Higgs, celebrated him as "one of that band of distinguished musicians who have done so much to raise the standard of musical education in England, to raise the position of musicians, and to procure for them the recognition they are beginning to enjoy." Sir John is more or less connected with nearly every musical institution in London, and he is, besides, the head Government Inspector of Music in Elementary Schools. As organist of St. Paul's he was held to be unsurpassed by any musician in London; and when Gounod came to conduct the Albert Hall Choral Society in 1872, he selected Stainer as its organist. As a composer Sir John is widely and favourably known, particularly by his services and anthems and his *Daughter of Jairus* and *Crucifixion* cantatas. His contributions to the literature of the art have also been very considerable. Happiness, according to an old author, means a successful activity in all your undertakings. If that be so, then must Sir John Stainer be indeed happy.



A Chat about Harps with Mr. T. G. Morley.



IF there is one instrument to which, more than another, allusion is made in popular song and story, it is the harp; and if there is one instrument about which more than another the popular ignorance is more profound, it is this same celebrated and long-suffering harp. The oddest thing about it is, that after centuries of use in a more or less crude form, it was no sooner perfected in accordance with our present musical scale, than, hey presto! after a short vogue of not quite thirty years, it disappeared from our houses as if by magic, and seemed likely to become as extinct as the dodo. In 1810, Sebastian Erard (the pioneer of the pianoforte) patented his double-action harp, which was the same, but for a few insignificant modifications and a slight increase in size, as the harp of to-day. In a few years he had been enabled to place a few hundreds of these on the market, and the interest which they excited was enormous. A number of virtuosi sprang up as well as manufacturers galore. Every budding Miss took harp lessons as a matter of course, and the stock allusion of the cleric whenever he wishes to indicate beautiful music—"harpers harping on their harps"—was not quite such a futile insincerity as it has since become. In 1835 the last harp patent was taken out; the "slump" had already set in. Driven out of the field by the piano, the harp was finally relegated to its proper place—the orchestra,—and only the voices of maiden aunts and curates were heard to babble of its ancient glories. A slight reaction in favour of the harp seems to be amongst

us at present, due, without doubt, to the efforts of Mr. T. G. Morley, who is an enthusiast on the subject; and it was to his house in Fulham Road that the spirit led me the other day, bent on extracting every possible ounce of "copy" out of him. Previous to penetrating into the wilds of South Kensington, I had not made an appointment with Mr. Morley, so it was with much relief that I heard from an assistant in the warehouse that "Mr. Morley would be glad to see you upstairs." Upstairs I accordingly went, and found him I sought, surrounded by the most formidable array of harps of all shapes and sizes that I had ever encountered. The handsome finish of them all led me to remark to Mr. Morley that I was not before aware that he made so many new harps.

"Oh, they look new enough, but if you examine the nameplates you will find that, with the exception of two or three, they are all by old makers—restored by us, of course."

And there sure enough was the familiar name of Erard, with the lesser ones of Grosjean, Erât, Dodd, Delveau, Barry, Egan, Schwieso, Serquet, etc.

"Very few English names here, Mr. Morley!" I said.

"True; but in spite of that fact, nine out of every ten harps made during the last hundred years were made in London. Revolutionary troubles drove most of the French makers over here, and they were the most numerous amongst the manufacturers."

"What has become of all the thousands of instruments these old boys made?" I said. "One never so much as sees one, even in the most antiquated drawing-room of the most venerable of our maiden aunts."

"May I answer that conundrum by asking you another? Who has ever seen a dead donkey?"

"Well, I believe Mr. Charles Dickens undertook to prove that no one had; and similarly with dead postboys."

"And similarly with pianos."

"And harps?"

"Just so. They gradually subsided from the drawing-rooms of the rich to middle-class "parlours" and country farm-houses, before finally closing an inglorious career on the streets, or the decks of 'penny' steamboats."

"Finding a last resting-place in brokers' shops and marine stores?"

"Exactly; and" (pointing to the fine collection of instruments) "that is where most of these have been rescued from."

"Do you really mean that these handsome instruments were once the battered and weather-beaten things one sees accompanying fiddle or cornet at the doors of a 'pub'?"

"The majority, certainly; but I also found *The Exchange and Mart* newspaper a perfect little gold mine. I have had over two hundred old harps through that medium from first to last. Now, however, we are sufficiently well known to dispense with advertising. I get as many offers of old instruments (chiefly through country music-dealers) as I want. Now you'd no doubt like to come down to the factory and see the wreckage that we sometimes have to work on."

Before visiting the factory, I accompanied Mr. Morley to his house, where, besides another collection of beautifully finished instruments, I had the privilege of examining a vast

amount of interesting literature which Mr. Morley has by degrees collected on his pet subject. Very interesting, too, were a number of autographs of famous musicians who from time to time have communicated with him. One in particular, preserved in a frame, graces the wall of the drawing-room; it is the first few bars of the *Ave Verum* (the "Leslie" one) in Gounod's handwriting, accompanied by his signature, and a kindly little expression of goodwill to his friend Mr. Morley. After Mrs. Morley had very kindly played a few solos, to which I listened with much interest, we set off for the factory, which is a short five minutes' walk distant.

"Now," said my guide, "you'll see the sort of material we sometimes have to turn into a finished instrument." And sure enough the collection in the repairing department was a motley enough one. Every stage of decrepitude was represented.

"Just to show you what an *omnium gatherum* the place is, this one," said Mr. Morley, pointing to a black-painted, heavily carved relic, "came from Prague; that green-looking thing, with the brass and wood-work hardly distinguishable from each other, has come all the way from South Africa, while this has been sent for repairs from Buenos Ayres."

In the next room, however, the results of such labour were more apparent. Round the walls and on racks were ranged disjointed parts in regular order, ready for use,—pillars, soundboards, necks, machine heads and pedals; but in various stages of completion were also both "old models" and new instruments of Mr. Morley's make. A couple of old harp-sichords, too, awaited the healing hand, while an old 'cello sat uncomfortably on a shelf, as though he had straggled in there by mistake, and not been able since to find his way out again.

"This," said Mr. Morley, pointing to a pillar securely fixed in clamps, "is a process which nearly every old harp has to go through when it reaches us. They nearly all come with the pillar bent sideways by the tension of the strings, and of course we have to straighten them, as you see here, having first cut a small strip out of the concave side, and inserted another a fraction greater in length."

"Has no attempt been made to remedy this one-sided strain?" I asked.

"Yes. One Dizi, an excellent player, persuaded Dodd in London, and Pleyel in Paris, to make a number of harps in which the strings should pass between (instead of outside) the two plates."

"Didn't it answer?"

"Oh, yes, it answered very well as far as preserving the straightness of the pillar was concerned, but things became a bit awkward when a string broke. It was then a good half-hour's work to grope among the machinery between the plates and fix the new string on. You as often as not found, after all your trouble, that you'd fixed the string in the wrong place, so that there was no remedy but to use adjectives, and begin all over again. Of course a few experiences of this sort soon disgusted players with it."

"I suppose there has been no invention really worth considering since Erard patented his double action?"

"No. There have been a good many attempts to get rid of the pedals, notably in the case of Pape, a piano-maker, who patented a pedalless harp in 1845. It was 'cross strung,' i.e., had two rows of strings, the first answering to the white keys of the piano, and the second to the black. These two rows weren't parallel, as in the old Welsh harps, but were crossed, and were meant to be played at the points of intersection."

"Somewhat awkward in rapid passages?"

"Oh, yes; it all came to nothing. But a curious thing happened to me in this connection a few years ago. A medical gentleman brought with him from the north of England a pedalless, actionless, cross-strung harp, which he had, after years of pains and trouble, made himself (somewhat crudely, of course), and taught himself to play. He asked me to purchase his *new* (!) invention, and was much surprised to find that his ideas had been anticipated forty-five years before."

"May I ask the object of this?" I said, picking up a small *Brian-Born*-looking instrument with a curved pillar.

"That is a cheap harp which we make by way of popularizing the instrument. A great many people who would stick at the price of a good harp don't mind investing a few pounds in one of these; and if they have any aptitude for the instrument, they find no difficulty in tackling a full-sized one, as the fingering is exactly the same. Of course, in a low-priced instrument, one could not put in a regular machine head and pedals; but by substituting movable stops, the sharps and flats can be arranged before commencing to play. In this way, ordinary music with few modulations can be quite easily managed."

"These old harp-makers don't seem to have had much variety in the way of design," I remarked.

"No. After the right shape had been hit on, by means of which the greatest amount of string tension could be adequately resisted, it of course left no room for variety in design; so the only place for ornamentation was at the top of the pillar."

"I don't think I've ever seen more than three designs, even for that," I replied.

"Quite right; the pillar was usually fluted and gilded, and the three conventional designs were the ram's head, the cherubim, and the Gothic. You possibly noticed the elaborate and heavy carving of the Prague harp we just saw. Well, such departures from the conventional designs were very rare."

"But I think I noticed another small carved one, with a less pronounced curve in the neck."

"Ah! but that, as the shape would tell you, was made prior to the date at which the conventional shapes became fixed. If you look at the date on it, you will see that it was made in 1770."

"Do you find the strings of a harp much trouble?"

"That depends a good deal on the player. Moisture on the hands causes the strings to fray like this" (pointing to a recent arrival for repairs), "and break wholesale. But if kept in a dry room, free from moisture and draughts, it can be played constantly with an average breakage of only about, say, a string a fortnight."



How to Practice.

SONATE PATHÉTIQUE IN C MINOR, OP. 13 (Beethoven).

THE *Sonate Pathétique* belongs to what is known as Beethoven's first period, "when," as a clever writer says, "he spoke in the language of Mozart, gradually adapting it more and more to the needs of his own thoughts, and so evolving for himself a new language." Though a fine and impressive work, it is not so strikingly original as even some which preceded it, for the influence of his great predecessor upon the composer is plainly apparent, more particularly in the final movement, of which the leading theme is entirely Mozartean.

The sonata commences with a slow Introduction of an imposing character, founded upon one broad phrase heard in the first bar. This Introduction is referred to two or three times during the first movement, of which it may be said to form an integral part. The following analysis will show the "form" of the first movement:—

DIVISION 1.

- Bars 1-10.—Slow Introduction.
- " 11-19.—First subject, in C minor.
- " 19-50.—Passage leading to
- " 51-88.—Introductory subject.

DIVISION 2.

- Bars 89-113.—Second subject, in E \flat (relative major).
- " 113-821.—Tributary.
- " 121-132.—Coda.

DIVISION 3.

- Bars 133-194.—Working-out (or development).

DIVISION 4.

- Bars 195-203.—Return of first subject, in C minor.
- " 203-220.—Passage leading to
- " 221-252.—Introductory subject.

DIVISION 5.

- Bars 253-277.—Return of second subject, in C minor.
- " 277-285.—Return of tributary, in C minor.
- " 285-310.—Coda.

The Introduction cannot be too impressively played; and it should be noted that the word *grave* refers as much to the general character as to the pace of the music. The first chord, played with a very vigorous touch, should produce something like a loud crash, the remainder of the bar being *piano*. So again in the second and third bars, and at each occasional *sforzando*. The soft notes in bars 9 and 10 must be treated with great delicacy. The first subject, *allegro di molto e con brio* (very fast and with fire), starts off at a great speed, the agitated accompaniment in the bass adding to the effect. This passage is far from being easy to play, and the right hand part should be practised singly many times, special care being taken with the fingering. Observe that it commences *piano*, and that the *crescendo* does not commence until four bars later. This gives lightness to the passage, and heightens the contrast between it and the massive Introduction. The introductory subject in E \flat minor, commencing at bar 51, in which a phrase appears alternately above and below the accompaniment, is rather puzzling. The difficulty of crossing the hands in time can only be overcome by leaving the last note of the phrase as quickly as possible, *i.e.*, the instant it is struck. The *mordent* or transient shake, at bar 57, etc., must be rendered correctly. The third note being the longest should bear the accent. In the succeeding passage in E \flat major, let the sustained notes stand out distinctly. Play the chords which precede the double bar with great boldness and decision.

After a repetition of part of the introductory matter in G

minor, the "working-out" commences with an allusion to the first subject in E minor, mixed up with a fragment of the Introduction, which must not be overlooked, at bar 140-141, followed presently by a dominant pedal and an impetuous descending *cadenza*. Allow strict time for the rests at the last reference to the Introduction, and make much of the magnificent *crescendo* in the final bars. The silent bar, with a pause over it, is one of Beethoven's peculiarities.

The second movement, *adagio*, is full of beauty, and offers golden opportunities to a capable performer. A calm, sweet melody flows uninterruptedly through it, varied only by rich modulations and delicately conceived accompaniments. This melody, by the exercise of a caressing, sympathetic touch, must be made to sing. The accompaniments should be subdued in tone, the triplets, when they make their appearance, being played with extreme delicacy.

The Rondo, which it has already been suggested closely resembles the style of Mozart, both in melody and harmony, is of a lighter character than any other portion of the sonata. It must have plenty of "go," and demands great precision in its performance. Let the phrasing of the opening subject be broad and clear. Give full value to the semibreves at bars 18 and 22, and do not forget that although they are to be played *forte* the following notes are *piano*. The tributary passage, commencing on the last note of bar 43 and continuing to bar 51, is so tuneful and harmonious as to call for specially refined treatment. After the reappearance of the first subject, an important episode in A \flat , consisting largely of minims, requires very *legato* playing; and when a little later on it is given with a running accompaniment, the latter part must be played in a very detached but at the same time an unobtrusive manner, while the theme, whether in the treble or bass, is allowed due prominence. The Coda, which commences at bar 182, is very bold and striking. The three notes in the right hand against two in the left may seem troublesome at first, but if practised each hand separately the difficulty will soon disappear. Note the quaint allusion to the first subject in the key of A \flat major at bar 202; play the following *pianissimo* notes as lightly as possible, and then, with a sudden accession of force, bring the movement, and the sonata, to a bold and impassioned conclusion.

I have not said much about light and shade. Beethoven puts such a profusion of expression marks to his works that we can best carry out his intentions in this respect by adhering strictly and entirely to them.

LIED OHNE WORTE, BOOK 4, NO. 6 (Mendelssohn).

This, although not one of the simplest of the *Songs Without Words*, is not really so difficult as at first sight it appears to be. To get the right "go" of it play it over quite slowly, taking care not to keep the fingers down on any notes but those which constitute the melody. The temptation to hold the right hand chords while the left hand semiquavers are played must be resisted, and this will require some little determination. In those bars (13 for example) in which no semiquavers appear be careful not to hurry the time, and this hint will apply to the last melody notes of bars 19 and 20, as well as other similar bars throughout the piece. The phrasing of the melody is clearly indicated, and it will be useful to play this through by itself, observing every mark as you go. The shake in the bass towards the end of the piece is somewhat unexpected, and will give a good deal of trouble to those who neglect their left hand in practising this ornament. The *tempo* of this song is very quick.

Our Contemporaries.

AMONG Mr. Joseph Bennett's little scraps in the *Musical Times* I find the following: "Mr. Aphthorp, an American writer on music, is credited with saying, 'Take, for instance, some of the attempts made in England at performing some of Handel's music just as he wrote it.' What attempts? When did they take place, and where? I know of such doings in Germany, and very successful they are; I know also that in England we have gone back to some of the old instruments for which Bach wrote, but the experiments with Handel I have forgotten, if I ever heard of them."

Well, Joseph, nobody ever supposed that you were omniscient, and it is quite possible that you never heard of the performance at Cambridge in 1894, under Dr. Mann, of *The Messiah* exactly as Handel wrote it. To be sure the piano was used instead of the harpsichord, but the music was Handel's, "just as he wrote it," all the same. In the correspondence columns attention is directed to the fact that the Theosophist Madame Blavatsky has recently been claimed as a pianiste. In Colonel Olcott's lately published "Old Diary Leaves," we are told that Madame "was a splendid pianiste, playing with a touch and expression that were simply superb. Her hands were models—ideal and actual—for a sculptor, and never seen to such advantage as when flying over the keyboard to find its magical melodies. She was a pupil of Moscheles, and when in London as a young girl played at a charity concert with Madame Clara Schumann and Madame Arabella Goddard in a piece of Schumann's for three pianos." Can any trace be found of this charity concert? Does Madame Schumann perhaps remember it? Colonel Olcott adds a note to the effect that Madame Blavatsky toured in Italy and Russia in the early seventies under the name of "Madame Laura." He goes on to say that her playing was best when she was "occupied"—by a Mahatma, of course!

The *Orchestral Association Gazette* supplements the Ella Russell case with another of a somewhat kindred nature which has just been tried in Paris. Here it was a case of precedence in print; there it was a question of precedence at the orchestral desk. Mr. Lauchy was a 'cellist at the Colonne concerts. He had been accustomed to play at a certain desk; the conductor made him change his seat, and the player at once resigned because of the "unmerited disgrace." This would have ended the matter had not the conductor seen fit to claim damages from Mr. Lauchy for breaking his engagement. When the case came into court, Mr. Colonne, of course, pleaded that his action was justifiable on the ground that the authority of a conductor is absolute. He declared that at the Opera, the Opera Comique and the Conservatoire the musicians changed desks without murmuring, and no player had ever complained before that his professional reputation had been damaged by a request to change desks. He also explained to the Court that the conductor often required, for example, to keep his eye on a young player, to make him sit "within sound of his voice," to place him by the side of an experienced player, who might stimulate him to serve as a model to him. These important necessities naturally led to the removal of the old players to the back desks. The judges, who had taken the most lively interest in this question of professional etiquette, adopted Mr. Colonne's view of the matter, and ordered the unlucky 'cellist to pay into Court the amount claimed. Our orchestral players may be thankful that this sort of thing could not happen in England, where the honours of the front desks are keenly coveted and never disputed when a man has honestly earned them. Fancy Mr. Frye Parker, for ex-

ample, being asked to play at the third or fourth desk in order that a raw recruit from the R.A.M. might "sit within the sound of the conductor's voice"! Changes of that kind would undeniably lay a man open to disparaging remarks, not only from the regular attendants at the concerts, but from his own associates. Even in theatre orchestras a change of position might very considerably do injury to a player's reputation.

There is very little of general interest in the *Musical Record* this month. In dealing with the musical literature of 1895, however, there is fine dig at the writer of an anonymous article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and which was generally credited to Mr. Heathcote Statham. The article consisted mainly of an attack on Dr. Parry's "Art of Music," but was varied with incidental and quite uncalled-for attacks upon most other living critics. The *Record* "scarcely thinks" that Mr. Statham was really guilty of such a piece of work; but if he was not—and I see no reason to doubt that he was—he should have disclaimed it. Although a man who has written for the *Edinburgh* may not be permitted to make the fact known, no power on earth can prevent a writer saying that he did not write a certain article if he did not write it. Speaking of other musical articles of the year, the *Record* recognises that our writers are beginning to show a truer sense of the value of technical criticism. "The older technical criticism was wont to mention that Mr. X's latest work contained fine specimens of canon, of fugue, and so on; but even the writers belonging to the older school are not content with this now. They have realized, or are fast realizing, that technique is in itself little, that it is merely a means to an end, and that end beauty of expression. So that we are likely soon to see music placed on the same basis as the other arts; to see it loved and praised or hated and condemned, according to the delight its beauty gives us, and not according to the degree of technical skill it shows."

"Technical criticism is not going out of date. On the contrary, the so-called 'new' critics are as much technical critics as the so-called 'old' critics; only they wish for something more than technical criticism; they wish to take also into account the two main factors of all art, beauty and expression." From that point of view we may regard our present position with complacency in spite of the babblings of the ancient Jeremiahs of the Bennett school.

The best thing in the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* this month is Mr. Fountain Meen's article on "How to accompany a service," which is dealt with in our Organ and Choir notes. Next to that I should place the discussion of the knotty problem whether an agnostic is eligible for the post of organist and choirmaster in a Christian church. I should think there are not many organists who bother their brains about the cardinal articles of Christian belief; but one such has been encountered by the *Journal* writer, and he rightly turns the phenomenon to account. This agnostic organist, it appears, was recently in the running for a church appointment. He was likely to be successful; but when he confessed his difficulties on the great questions of religion to his prospective clergyman, that individual declared at once that he was not a fit and proper object of election. The *Journal* man thinks the minister was wrong. I don't. No doubt there is many an organist not a whit superior in life and doctrine to this unfortunate candidate, who by a little tact, by a lack of conscientiousness, has accepted office without scruple and without objection.

But you don't defend that type of organist by admitting his existence. A church organist occupies his post in order that he may assist a congregation in their praises and devotions; and a man who takes the pay of a congregation for helping with something in which he has no sympathy is as bad as a hypocrite. A body of worshippers may be the biggest fools in admitting the existence of a Supreme Being and acting on the admission, but that has nothing to do with the matter in question, and an organist who declares himself an agnostic must be a conceited prig anyway. Whence did he get the intellect which enables him to be even an agnostic?

The *Lute's* portrait and biography this month are of Miss Thudicum, who shortly contemplates a tour in Australia. It seems that a direct ancestor of this excellent vocalist was, about the year 1270, "secret writer" to the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg. His descendants lived at Warbach in Wurtemberg for several centuries, and in 1684 they took part in the defence of that town against the French. Seven men of the name of Thudicum died fighting bravely, but one little boy was saved by a faithful nurse, and from that little boy the singer is directly descended. Coming down to later times, Miss Thudicum's grandfather was not only famed for his eloquence as a divine, but also for his literary achievements. Her father is Dr. J. Lewis W. Thudicum, a physician whose attainments shed lustre upon scientific medicine, of which he is a recognised and leading light. The *Lute* thinks what we all think about Mr. Alfred Austin, the new laureate, namely, that he ought, with a little practice and perseverance, to be able in time to write the words of a good music-hall song. There was certainly much promise in "Jameson's Ride." In the columns of the little one I find one more specimen to add to my collection of "unrehearsed effects." This time the scene was Daly's Theatre, and the occasion the performance of *Lohengrin* by the Carl Rosa Company. The knight in his silver armour had just landed on *terra firma*, having quitted his somewhat cranky craft, drawn by the traditional swan, when a telegraph boy with his cap well on one side was seen to emerge from the "wings," and in the most leisurely manner traverse the entire breadth of the stage! He was evidently supremely unconscious that he was the observed of all observers in the auditorium, though, luckily, the principal artists engaged, whose backs were turned to him, were thus unaware of the comedy that was being enacted. The best of the joke was that the lad appeared to saunter *through the water* with the utmost unconcern, and, to judge by the beatific smile on his face he can only have learned his mistake when he had reached the other side!

The *Musical Herald* is disappointed with the utter indifference to music shown by Matthew Arnold in his lately-published "Letters." Matthew goes to hear Wagner's operas at Munich because the stories interest him so much and the librettos are so poetically written, "though of course the music says little to me." When studying the German schools, he is "never tired of attending the lessons in general, but they make me hear too much music." The facts are curious certainly. For here is a man who spent his life for culture, who has an eye for painting, a large love of nature, who was a poet and a believer in poetry as an enlightening force, yet who, either from want of early training or from deliberate conviction, set music aside and built up his scheme of "sweetness and light" without it. Still, Arnold was not by any means the only eminent writer who failed to appreciate the art divine. Among the *Herald* answers this time there is one dealing with the question of tight lacing as applied to lady singers. The loss of vocal power from this cause is the commonest thing in the world, but it is rare to find any one owning up to it. A "constant reader" has a singer in his choir whose only fault is that "she is so soon out of breath," and he wants to cure her of the fault. Practically he is told to take her waist measurement, although *how* he is to do it is not suggested. The approximate proportions, we learn, are as follows: If the bust measures, say, thirty-four

inches, the waist should be ten inches less, namely, twenty-four. The waist should be ten inches less whatever the bust measure. It is just as well to know. Only it might not be very wise of all choir-masters to begin taking the bust measurements of their lady-singers.

I don't find much in *Musical Opinion* that is quotable. One writer discusses the problem of the continued popularity of Patti, and the high fees she manages to command when her voice is certainly in its declining stage. And this is how he accounts for it. A singer is much aided in her career, even if she sings only at concerts, by an attractive appearance and the magic gift of fascinating all with whom she may be brought into contact. On the operatic stage she is aided to a far greater extent. The opera is largely a fashionable amusement. Patti, as a combination of song, beauty, and good acting in the class of characters beloved of the light soprano, became the idol of fashionable society. Presents of diamonds and other costly gifts from crowned heads raised her to the topmost pinnacle of fame. But the multitude in all lands believed that her voice alone was responsible for her exalted position; and, entirely devoid of all critical power as the masses are, believed that she must be greater beyond measure than any other singer because her concert fee was five-fold (or something of the sort) that received by her sisters in the same line. Well, unless that explanation of the phenomenon be correct, it seems to me that we must take refuge in the assumption that Patti, a genuine light soprano, excels all singers past and present, of every grade and kind. Does she? I note with some pleasure that several correspondents are "sitting" on that faddist, Herr C. A. Ehrenfechter. The Herr, as you may know, advocates a system which makes you finger every scale on the pianoforte in the same way! He says, for example, that the scale of D flat is to be fingered just as you would finger the scale of C, only that the thumb should be passed *over* instead of under the second finger. Try it. There are only two ways of doing it: either the second finger on F must be drawn along the key after it is depressed, or else it must be lifted off the key before the next note—G flat—is sounded by the thumb, thus destroying the *legato*. Who then but a faddist would recommend such a method? No wonder Herr Ehrenfechter is found complaining in this same number of the *Opinion* that "all our most noted musical academies and colleges" have declined to hear his lecture on pianoforte technique.

In the *American Music* there is a summary of the results obtained by Dr. Sandras, of Paris, after certain experiments, as to the effect of alcohol on the vocal organs. The conclusions are these: Alcohol and certain whiskies destroy the voice altogether; anisette lowers the voice, curaçoa and absinthe raise it. As to wines, the effect of Bordeaux is insignificant, that of Beducjolais weak, that of Burgundy bad. The experiments with the latter wine seem to have been rather jolly. The first drink suppressed the two lower tones of the voice; after a number of drinks, hardly one octave was left; additional drinks reduced the volume to four tones; and, finally, not one note was left! In ten minutes the voice, we are told, returned to its natural range. But nothing is said about the state of the owner of the voice. He must have had a good time anyway!

Some statistics compiled and published by *Il Trovatore*, a Milanese musical journal, are not reassuring to Fire Insurance Companies. According to the figures, in January, 1895, three theatres were burnt, one in France, one in the United States, and one in Spain. February, March, May, June, and July contributed each one to the list of theatre fires, and December completed the record with two fires, one at Buda Pesth, and one in Buenos Ayres.

L'Echo Musical tells a story about Mr. Sims Reeves which I quote only to show the ridiculous things that are taken for gospel on the Continent. The eminent tenor, we are told, was recently engaged for a Court concert. In the programme which had been

prepared there were two pieces which the artist considered beyond his voice. He referred to the Prince of Wales, who walked towards Her Majesty to submit to her the observations of the singer. Her sole response was to point out on the programme the initials "V.R." The Prince of Wales understood, and returned towards the artist to tell him there was nothing to be done, that he must

sing. Mr. Reeves sang, indeed, but sang the second of the two airs half a tone lower than in the original. The Queen immediately perceived this, and made him understand that she had done so by abstaining entirely from applause in such a manner that the unhappy singer quitted the chamber in the midst of a stony silence. This is a capital story for the marines.

Some Musical Archives.

DR. BRIDGE the art critic is decorously dull, but Dr. Bridge the *raconteur* is a person to whom we can all listen with a lively interest, and it was in this latter capacity that he delivered one of his four recent Gresham lectures on "The Musical Archives of Westminster Abbey." The worthy Doctor began by making our flesh creep. He asked us "to accompany him in spirit to Westminster Abbey." "Evensong," he continued in thrilling tones, "is just over. The lights are extinguished, and" (oh, horror!) "we have been left behind in the building, deserted by all save the solitary watchman, whose footfalls recede towards some distant chapel, where he sets in motion a piece of automatic clockwork to show that he is not sleeping. We stand before the altar where the transepts intersect the nave beneath the lantern. We can just make out the lines of the massive arches, but away in the poet's corner all is darkness. Suddenly a glimmering light appears high up, just over Handel's monument, and we hear strange, confused noises, rustling of parchments, and the swinging of mysterious doors. Terror stricken we 'go for the watchman'" (who evinces apparently no surprise at being accosted by a belated stranger in the Abbey at that hour), and says, "'Oh, it is only Mr. Scott in the Muniment Room.'" We breathe a sigh of relief, and follow the Doctor in spirit again. Mr. Scott, be it said, is the head of the MS. department of the British Museum, and is engaged in classifying the contents of the Westminster Muniment Room at the request of the Dean and Chapter. "His researches have enabled me," says Dr. Bridge, "to pass some delightful hours there within the last few months; and I want to have a gossiping sort of talk with you about the musical archives. I have had no time as yet to arrange the materials. It is a jumble that I offer, but I shall endeavour to tell you what is new, and nothing that is not true."

He then described the situation of the Muniment Room, and how it was approached by an ante-room which bore traces of occupation, and might have been one of the secret hiding places of that turbulent prelate Atterbury. Then comes a screen bearing the crest of Richard II., behind which are the priceless muniments of the Abbey. Among them is Caxton's autograph memorandum book, and a fair illustration of the ignorance which has hitherto prevailed amongst Abbey officials concerning their own archives was shown on the occasion of the Caxton Exhibition. Dean Stanley was then asked whether any relics of our first printer existed on the scene of his labours, and replied that he knew of none, though Caxton's book was there. The lecturer went on to say that his business, however, was specially with the musical records which had been docketed and put away there, and as an organist he naturally began with the organ. He could only briefly summarize the information, but hoped in the course of a few years to be able to classify and arrange it. He had come across information respecting several hitherto unknown organ builders. Under the name of John Howe were two bills for tuning and mending the Abbey organs in the first year of Elizabeth's reign. One of these organs stood in Henry VII.'s chapel, which was evidently used for the masses which were regularly sung

there until the end of the reign of Mary. Unfortunately the busy beetle had improved the shining hour by eating away that portion of the paper containing John's address. Dr. Bridge exhibited the document, which read, "To John Howe, of . . ." Of where? He opined that the deceased beetle had carried that information to the grave with him, and that the chances of recovering John's address were now very problematical. A certain John Pendleton also figured as the tuner and repairer of the organ on the occasion of the funeral of the king's daughter in 1605. The name of Thomas Dallam frequently appears. He was the gentleman whom good Queen Bess sent to the Sultan of Turkey with the present of an organ, and who had some difficulty in escaping (respectable man!) from the seductions of the dark-eyed houris, who would fain have had him remain in Constantinople and set up a harem. "Father" Smith's name also figured in sundry receipts, and the lecturer also came across the first specimen he had seen of the handwriting of Orlando Gibbons, relating to the account of one Burwood, an organ builder. Quoth Mr. Gibbons, "I know this bill to be very reasonable, for I have already cut him off 10s." Gibbons evidently did not lack keen business capacity, for the whole amount was only 20s. 6d. The name of Roger Purcell occurred twice, once for work done in 1626 (about thirty years before the great Henry's birth), and again as bailiff of some Abbey lands in Huntingdon leased by a farmer named Giles. The lecturer raised an interesting point concerning a document dated 1645, referring to such members of the choir as had remained in town and taken the covenant. Dr. Bridge said he had applied to Professor Gardiner for light on the matter, but the historian's answer was to the effect that he was unaware that singing men were retained during that period when the Abbey was a Presbyterian establishment.

Several ringers' bills for peals rung on the occasion of Marlborough's victories were exhibited. The average price then appeared to be 6s. 8d. per peal per victory, though prices varied relatively in proportion to the slaughter. As numerous references were found to sackbut and cornet players in the Abbey, the lecturer gave them an opportunity of hearing the latter instrument, which in no way resembles its modern namesake. It is, in fact, a plain wooden instrument something like a clarinet with a cup-shaped mouthpiece. Mr. W. F. H. Blandford, an amateur, played a solo on it for our delectation. The sackbut mentioned was a sort of sliding trombone or trumpet. Other illustrations included some old hymn music by Hooper and a voluntary by Gibbons, played on the organ by Mr. W. J. Winter. Mr. W. Fell also sang the lovely Purcell song which is written on the back of a copy of his *Te Deum*.

The lecture came to an end without the lecturer having got through anything like the material with which he had come provided. It was, as Dr. Bridge explained, a rambling hotch-potch, but interesting nevertheless to folk with an antiquarian turn of mind. There seems to be enough in the way of old musical MSS. at the Abbey to afford scope for judicious editing and publishing.

Dramatic Notes.

Requiescant in pace. AMONG plays that have had their little day, and passed, since I last wrote, into the peace of Nirvana, the most noteworthy was, without doubt, Henry Arthur Jones's *Michael and his Lost Angel*. It was withdrawn after a short ten days' run, under circumstances which, to say the least, were singular. We were told that it failed to catch on; that the church scene was repugnant to our religious susceptibilities; that it was too lugubrious even for this sad world, etc. Little birds, however, whisper that so far as the first reason was concerned, the booking, instead of having collapsed, was steadily going up. As far as the second objection goes, I fail to see why the religious susceptibilities of any one could have been shocked at lights and incense being burned, and processions perambulating before what was—after all—an empty altar. As far as I could gather, there was something very like elation on the part of High Church folk, that at last a "popular" recognition had been given to the lawfulness of copes, candles, and birettas at an Anglican function. Such a thing would have been hooted off the stage by indignant Protestants forty years ago, and the fact that it is possible to present it now, is, to ritualistic minds, a comforting indication of the trend of popular acquiescence (hitherto the great lion in their path) in the direction of their particular proclivities. So far from *their* being shocked, there is much secret satisfaction in their midst at this indication of ceremonies (over which many a fight has been fought) now being taken as a matter of course. I was present at the first night, and noticed that the most frantic applause seemed to proceed from a prominent High Church cleric, who had come to the stalls provided with a remarkably stout *umbrella*. No ordinary self-respecting umbrella could have endured the vigorous handling to which its reverend owner subjected it that night. For Miss Nellie Farren's sake, most playgoers will regret the withdrawal from the Opera Comique of the piece on whose production she had spent such pains and money, but I don't think the merits of *A Model Trilby* were so great as to make us grieve over her decease. On the same boards where she erstwhile pranced is shortly to be produced Professor Villiers Stanford's new opera, *Shamus O'Brien*. I notice that our esteemed contemporary *To-day*, has informed an expectant world that it is a *light opera*. I wonder what Dr. Stanford has to say to that? One last obituary notice. The most recent collapse, and a deserved one, was *The Fool of the Family*, which had at the Trafalgar a phenomenal run of three nights. I won't describe the play as wicked; but there—

Rule Britannia! At the Palace, the Pavilion, the Empire, and the Alhambra, excited audiences still shout defiance to Kaiser & Co. Mr. Leo Stormont, in admiral's uniform, continues to dodge a gigantic Union Jack flung nightly at his head from the flies at the Tivoli, saying meanwhile (with musical accompaniment) that "Whot is are own wee'll a-hold." At the Middlesex (the old "Mo," by that same token) and Collins's, a bellicose gentleman named Leyton tells us all about "Jameson's Gallant Stand." In fact, every "hall" has broken out into virulent patriotism either in the shape of song or (heaven help us! I remember one such at the Oxford) "military sketch." "Don't twist his tail, my boys," is the chaste title of the latest lyric on the subject. The boom has, however, enabled a large section of the dramatic profession to show off their person to advantage in "the Widow's" uniform, and to demonstrate to the world at large that among their ranks there is a greater proportion of fire-eating dare-devils, on whom England may rely in the hour of danger, than has hitherto been suspected.

The Prisoner of Zenda. A few evenings ago, being in want of a headache, I dropped into the St. James's to hear Mr. Slaughter's "Princess Flavia" March; but, like a certain class of unnameable

persons who "go to scoff," I remained, if not exactly to pray, at least to find that the show was more entertaining on a second visit than I could have imagined. Numerous little points which one was apt to overlook on a first night became amusingly apparent. The brothers Teppich (Messrs. Geo. Hawtreay and F. Lomnitz), in particular, I found vastly amusing, and the neat way in which they score their points adds much to the go of the coronation scene. The whole company have now got a thorough grip of the piece, which (if not taken too seriously, as I said last month) is one of the brightest and most diverting entertainments now running.

* * * *

"Brookfield's latest." There is a weird personality specially indigenous to the metropolis, and we call him the "earnest young actor." In the neighbourhood of certain theatres, which shall be nameless, a special brand of "earnest" ones may be found, following an esoteric cultus, having for its particular object a sycophantic adoration of Mr. Charles Brookfield and all his works. I was never admitted as a member of the sodality, so cannot say what occult reasons there may be for regarding Brookfield-worship as generally necessary to salvation; but as one of the uninitiated, I was informed that, at the risk of being anathema unto them, I too must burn incense at the shrine, because (1) Mr. Brookfield was, to use their mystic phrase, "one of the best"; (2) because he was sole patentee of an article which Mr. "Happy-thought" Burnand would term a *jerdymo*, but which, in the language of the Brotherhood, goes by the name of a "Latest." The simple faith of these earnest ones always touched me deeply. Did one venture in an unguarded moment in their presence to mildly criticise their deity as an actor, it was but to court the wrath of an infuriated Brotherhood, demanding with wild gesticulation "your recantation or your life." Did one venture to point out that a recently retailed "Latest" saw the light in the pages of *Punch* before the natal day of its putative author, in that case nothing would persuade them that he had not been the original contributor in a previous state of incarnation. Last summer, however, during the progress of a celebrated case, the purloins of the aforesaid theatres became so thronged with excited "earnest" ones, all agog to pounce on the unwary, and retail "Brookfield's Latest" on the subject, that I at last was driven to take flight whenever I saw any of the Brotherhood approaching, and began to develop an unreasonable prejudice against the object of their devotion, which even an acquaintance with the scintillating humour of *A Model Trilby* failed to allay. In this unchristian spirit I attended a performance of *A Woman's Reason* at the Shaftesbury. I sat tight, resolved with set teeth to endure a fusillade of "Latests," until it gradually dawned upon me that I was becoming interested. By the time the curtain had fallen on the second act, I was pricked to the heart as I thought of my former unjust scepticism, and at the cue, "build it up again," I rushed out into the night in a paroxysm of repentance, and with streaming eyes sought for some stray member of the Brotherhood into whose ear I might pour my humble recantation. The idea of the play is simple enough. A young lady (the Hon. Nina Keith) has two impecunious parents, consisting of her father and mother (Lord and Lady Bletchley). To relieve their impecuniosity, she consents to marry Stephen D'Acosta, a wealthy Deronda of a few, who adores her. In Act II. we discover her, after seven years of married life (during which period her devoted parents have never ceased residing with her), the possessor of a wearisome incubus in the shape of a husband and child. As a natural result, she flings herself, from sheer ennui, into the arms of a *tertium quid*, who (in the person of Captain Crozier) has all through the play been hovering round. After an elopement with that gentleman, she awakens to the horror of the situation, and as an undesirably selfish side of his character soon develops itself, she leaves him and goes to live in the seclusion of an out-of-the-way village. Here she is found by her husband, who comes to talk business, and remains to talk love. Finding that she is repentant, that she really loves him, and is not guilty in the sense he had imagined, he takes her away with him, that they may begin life over again. As the despicable Lord

Bletchley, Mr. Brookfield has much to do with the making of the piece. He is well supported by Miss Carlotta Addison, as his equally despicable wife. Mr. Coghlan on this occasion has decided to act his part as Captain Crozier, while Mr. Waller, in spite of his ponderous articulation, gives a certain amount of vitality to the character of the injured husband D'Acosta. Miss Florence West, as his sister Leah, acts with judicious self-effacement until the moment arrives for her to let herself loose on the ungrateful wife. I should say, however, that in real life I could have felt some sympathy for that same wife under the circumstances. One feature of the caste I ought to mention: in the person of Master Stewart Dawson I have at last seen a stage-child who did not make me want to use adjectives and throw furniture about. Miss Maud Millet undertakes to play the part of a sporting and betting young lady, and I am sorry to say only succeeds—from her exceeding sweetness—in giving one the impression of a zealous member of a Dorcas Society gone wrong. Her unctuous father—the Reverend Cosmo Pretious—is a capital study of a certain clerical type, and Mr. Henry Kemble keeps the part well away from the dangerous ground of burlesque. The authors make, I

think, a sad mistake in allowing one of the characters to denounce him so virulently in the last act. He is either a caricature of a certain stamp of cleric, or he is not. If he is a caricature, he has no business in such a play. If he is not, it ought not surely to be necessary to qualify his meanness by references to the excellencies of the rest of his cloth. Such timorous concessions to "Churchy" consciences partake much of the nature of cant, and had better be left for the columns of a certain twopenny weekly. I may add, in conclusion, that Mr. Lesly Thomson was most convincing as a dainty "Johnnie," don't-you-know, in the thin disguise of a footman's livery, while I have nothing but praise for the artistic celerity with which Mr. Charles Goodhart swept up the pieces of a broken chandelier as though to the manner born.

By the way, I quite forgot, in my enthusiasm, to mention that Mr. Brookfield has a collaborator in the person of Mr. F. C. Philips, the author of "Alice" (or somebody) "In a Looking-glass." To both all praise and kudos be. I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Brookfield, but all the same, I am now a postulant for admission into the ranks of the sacred Brotherhood.

PITT.

Realism and Idealism in Music.

DR. HUBERT PARRY delivered the first of a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on the above subject on February 1, when he dealt with realism and idealism in musical art from the point of view of the composer. In subsequent lectures he considered the subject from the standpoint of the critic and the public respectively. He began by admitting an initial difficulty in defining "idealism" in music, as views on the subject were so very divergent, some people holding that nothing was idealistic except the product of a sort of hysterical ecstasy. He thought the best way to test it was to watch how the instincts of artistic humanity had unconsciously developed the resources of the art under the influence of a natural desire to obtain more beautiful and perfect results. Musical art in its organization had gone on for hundreds of years, without the men engaged in it being in any way conscious of what they were actually effecting. Though acting under mere impulse, yet the tendencies of such impulse had always been consistent, despite occasional aberrations and experimental deviations from the usual course. In fact, he thought that one might define "ideal" musical art as that which is perfectly organized to express the thought of the artist in terms which are most perfectly adapted to its conditions. He then traced the steps by which we had been led up to our present complex scheme of musical art: the early struggle to evolve the musical scale; then to overcome the problems connected with the relations between the various notes—in other words, the first beginnings of harmony, counterpoint and instrumental effect, struggling against an inevitable tendency to "consecutive fifths," and so on, until the predisposition of different nations towards different paths in the art began to show themselves. He instanced the delight which our forefathers must have felt when they first listened to the chord of C major, probably with as much mental intoxication as we should derive from one of the greatest musical achievements of to-day. The lecturer then proceeded to examine these national divergencies in their development; the Italians seeking beauty of tone, the Netherlands working towards subtle intellectual ingenuities, and the English arriving at their breezy spring-morning-like freshness and sharpness of definition. The most powerful stimulus to art in the direction of emotional expression was given by the origin of opera at the end of the sixteenth century, though of course this was at first of a very simple and rudimentary character. Realistic effects were all this time in the background, but as the need for fresh media of expression increased, they soon fell into the line of

development. The highest expression of ideal beauty was probably attained in the instrumental music of Haydn and Mozart. With Beethoven came a new order of art, the product of a desire to express emotion more definitely and realistically. Even in his earlier instrumental work we found sobs and sighs and human cries imitated. We might ask how this yearning for realism arose (and here the lecturer's explanation was somewhat unfortunate); why could not the composer be contented with the means brought to perfection by Haydn and Mozart? Dr. Parry's explanation was, that every born poet or artist, however much he might worship the heroes who had preceded him, felt that even the greatest giants had not covered all the ground possible to art, and thence arose the desire with the lesser man (Beethoven a *lesser man*—italics my own) to make that unconquered strip of territory his own, and to say what was possible to be said in this field in the way which most perfectly expressed his ideas. The lecturer then proceeded to instance the growth of realistic devices, distinguishing between their use as a means of stimulating the public imagination ("keep it up to the mark" was his somewhat crude expression) and their misuse, where the composer was merely at a loss for ideas. He instanced our own Purcell as a "splendid sinner" in the matter of realism, adding that the very proof of his genius was supplied in the fact that the crude methods he employed were still listened to with pleasure. Still, on the whole, the music of the best composers showed that realistic effects occupied a very small space in proportion to those which aimed at ideal expression.

As far as the historical part of the lecture was concerned, it was highly interesting; but Dr. Parry was not happy in his attempt at defining mental phenomena in the language of the schoolmaster. To suggest, for example, that Beethoven of set purpose determined to make Haydn and Mozart's unconquered strips of territory his own is surely a travesty of a statement. Why, in the earlier part of his lecture, Dr. Parry told us that the organization of musical art had gone on for hundreds of years without the men engaged in it being in the least degree conscious of what they were doing. I take it that Dr. Parry's allusion was to the ideas which the composer had to give vent to, and not to the mechanical means adopted to give them expression. If so, pedagogic definitions (such as the unconquered strips of territory) are a somewhat amazing way of describing the process of incubation of great ideas in the brain of a genius. [Reports of Dr. Parry's two subsequent lectures were received too late for insertion in this issue.—ED.]

Organ and Choir.

—:0:—

Not "Fix'd." THAT is a very funny story told in the Liverpool *Porcupine* about Mr. T. Mee Pattison, the composer-organist. Nearly thirty years ago the post of organist at Prescott Parish Church was vacant, and among the candidates for the appointment was a long-legged, six-foot gentleman, who has since attained considerable eminence in his profession—to wit, the aforesaid Mr. Pattison. He was long-headed, too; for, finding that the retiring organist was a very short man, he took with him to the church on the day of the competition a number of flat pieces of wood, of equal thickness, with which, when his turn came to play, he propped up the corners of the organ stool to the requisite height for his convenient pedalling, and proceeded with his task. He had, curiously enough, chosen for his own selection "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat," from *Samson*, in which, as everybody knows, there is a big slice of florid work for the feet. While in the middle of this long pedal passage, the temporary supports of the stool became displaced, and backwards, head over heels, went the player. When it was found that he was not hurt even the sacred character of the building could not restrain the laughter of those who witnessed the incident, among whom, by the way, was Mr. W. T. Best. The stool again "fixed," the candidate got through the piece all right, and, what was better, secured the appointment. He certainly deserved his good luck.

Accompanying the Service. Mr. Fountain Meen, the well-known organist of Union Chapel, Islington, contributes to a contemporary an article on "How to Accompany a Service." He writes, of course, mainly from the Nonconformist point of view, but some of his remarks are interesting to organists generally. On the whole, he is rather conservative. He objects, for example, to "solo effects" in playing over a tune; he would maintain a strict *tempo* throughout all hymns, believing that expression has nothing to do with time; and he would have "free accompaniments" used very sparingly in congregational services. With regard to the starting of tunes, he does not favour the common habit of sounding an advance note on the organ. For twenty-five years he has been in the habit of going "splash on to the first chord," and he thinks that if it were made a matter of understanding with the choir, every organist might do the same. It is, of course, quite impossible by any system to obtain an absolutely unanimous start without a conductor; and certainly if choir and congregation *must* come after the organ, it does not make much difference whether they hear one note or a full chord. Discussing the question of voluntaries, Mr. Meen gives his vote in favour of original organ music as against arrangements. His experience has told him that few vocal pieces make good instrumental solos. In the case of a continuous and beautiful melody there is no objection, but where the song is cut up into short phrases, sometimes repeated over and over again, the effect is not good. For example, "O Rest in the Lord" makes an admirable voluntary, and "He was despised" does not, for the reason just stated. The same objection applies to many choruses. Fugue choruses usually make good voluntaries, but those in which the same figure is constantly repeated in order to emphasize certain words (particularly in Handel's choruses), although full of grandeur when sung, have a directly opposite effect when played. It is only necessary to mention Handel's "Hallelujah" and "To Thee, Cherubin," to illustrate this; in the latter, the figure to which the word "continually" is set, and which is highly effective when sung, is positively ridiculous when played. On the other hand, Beethoven's "Hallelujah," Handel's "We never will bow down," and "He trusted in God," make very fine voluntaries.

The Doncaster Organ. Schulze's magnificent organ in the Parish Church at Doncaster has recently been undergoing complete renovation. Nothing, I believe, had been done to the instrument

since Schulze left it; it was even blown on the old treadmill plan, which required some six or more strong men to keep in the wind for the full organ. In connection with the restoration a very interesting pamphlet has been published concerning the past and present organs of Doncaster Parish Church, and from it I take the following particulars about the organists. In 1739 Mr. William Tireman, of York, was appointed with a salary of £20, paid by the Corporation. Two years later Mr. John Maddock succeeded to the post at a like salary, which, in 1744, was increased by £10. In 1755 came Mr. John Canidge, of York, on a salary of £30; 1756 Mr. Edward Miller, Mus. Doc., with £30; 1807 Mr. Isaac Brailsford, of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, with fifty guineas a year; and in 1835 Mr. Jeremiah Rogers ("Jerry") won the appointment in a public competition of skill, against a number of talented organists, Dr. Camidge being the umpire. The salary was sixty guineas a year, with a pew in the church. "Jerry" Rogers held the post until his death, in 1879, when his son, Mr. R. M. Rogers, the present organist, was appointed. Of course I have quoted this list only for the sake of the salaries, organists being always interested in learning how their brethren have been or are being paid. Some idea of the size of the Doncaster organ may be gathered from the fact that it occupies nearly the whole of the north chapel of the spacious church, and is 31 feet wide by 26 feet deep; it is nearly 40 feet high. The swell-box, situated in the most elevated part, is larger than many ordinary large organs, and encloses a space of 18 feet wide, 12 feet deep, and 11 feet 6 inches high.

A Blind Organist.

I meant last month to have directed special attention to the Sunday afternoon organ recitals now being given at the Hampstead Conservatoire by Alfred Hollins. Mr. Hollins is a remarkable specimen of the blind musician—indeed, probably the most remarkable of that class now before the public. He handles his own church organ at Upper Norwood as if it were a toy; and the way in which he manipulates such big instruments as those at the Albert Hall, London, and St. George's Hall, Liverpool, is nothing short of marvellous. He seems to know, as if by intuition, the precise position of every stop, and coupler, and piston; and it is very rarely that he draws the wrong knob. And what a *répertoire* of pieces he carries in his head! Speak of playing from memory; there are no feats in that way like those of the regularly engaged blind musician. I was very much pleased to see the warm tribute paid to Mr. Hollins's great abilities by Mr. Clarence Eddy, on the occasion of the latter's recent visit to London. In addition to all the good things that he says of him as a player, he remarks that Mr. Hollins is extremely modest, kind-hearted, appreciative, and generous. Mr. Hollins's last recital at Hampstead will be on March 8, at 3.15, when, among other things, he will play Bach's big "G minor" and Handel's "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat."

An Organist's Wall.

An English organist contributes to a contemporary an account of his experiences in America, these experiences being printed by way of warning any organist who may think of going out to the States. This gentleman landed in New York in 1892, and at once set about advertising for an appointment. He got three replies, offering respectively a salary of £25, £160, and £180 per annum. Of course he jumped at the latter, which took him off to Philadelphia. It seems a large salary compared with those paid in England, but out there it is less than a policeman's or a postman's pay, which generally runs between £240 and £300 a year. And then the cost of living! Why, our organist had to pay £72 for house rent alone. Further, it has to be noted that in America a church appointment does not carry with it a teaching connection, as it usually does here. The English gentleman found a choir of six little boys and five men when he landed at his church. The boys, he says, could not sing at all; their efforts "sounded like the wailing of damned souls." He proceeded to hunt through the schools for more boys, but the boys would not come unless they were paid from the first, and in the end he had

to begin them with one dollar a month. Incidentally, we learn that the American boy is two years behind the English boy in point of education, but five years in front of him in wickedness. This hapless English organist had boys who chewed tobacco and spat on the floor in church. But his greatest sorrows were in the matter of pupils; he found practically nobody desiring his services. Americans have a deep-seated jealousy of the English people, and prefer to take lessons from a German or an Italian. One friendly young lady gave our organist this bit of advice: "Now," said she, "you must provide yourself with a great account book, and if any one wants to take lessons from you, you must say you have so many pupils that you do not think you have time; and then pretend to look through this book, and at last agree to take them as a great favour. If you do not do this the Americans will think nothing of you." Unfortunately the Englishman had very few opportunities of turning this shrewd counsel into practice. During the year he obtained only five pupils, although he spent a lot of money in advertising. Two of these were for singing, and three for organ; one only took three lessons, and another five. And so the last

state of that man is worse than the first; for he has had to seek what he calls "secular employment," and is now engaged as a book-keeper. The moral would seem to be, Stay at home, even on a modest salary.

* * * *

W. T. B. Organists will regret to hear that the condition of

Mr. W. T. Best is not reassuring. He is confined to his room, but it is hoped that an early spring will do him good, and permit of his going abroad. At the same time, though far from well, Mr. Best is still showing gleams of his old humour. Only the other week he wrote: "Perhaps it may not be inopportune to give a line of warning to many of our musical *alumni* that the gift of 'composition' is not always bestowed with the coveted 'letters' following their names. I have just seen a warning example in an organ piece, local [Liverpool, we may presume], which fairly bristles with errors of a technical kind, the subject being a Welsh hymn tune." Mr. Best very appropriately heads his letter, "Too much alphabet." Who is the luckless individual thus pilloried?

The Month's Obituary.

THE painfully sudden death of Sir Joseph Barnby has been noticed elsewhere in our columns, as well as the death of M. AMBROISE THOMAS, the veteran French composer. In regard to the latter, the unique circumstance may be noted here that he lived to be present at the thousandth representation of one of his own operas.

The most important of the minor names in the death-roll is that of Mr. HENRY DAVID LESLIE, the conductor of the once famous choir. It is a curious coincidence that he should have passed away on the day following the funeral of Sir Joseph Barnby, for it was to Leslie that Barnby owed the first success he was able to make with his "Sweet and Low." Sir Joseph was at the time one of the rank and file of the Leslie Choir. The latter was founded in November, 1855, when a party of some thirty vocalists met in the lower hall of the Hanover Square Rooms, and were roused to enthusiasm by Leslie's statement that if they would stand by him he would wipe out the stigma attached to England that it was unable to compete with Germany in the matter of choral singing. A month or two later the choir made its first appearance, and for more than a quarter of a century it was recognised as the foremost choral body in the country. It was disbanded at last because Mr. Leslie had not the heart to weed the choir of its old and failing voices. The society was subsequently re-organized under Mr. Randegger, and for two years—1885 to 1887—its former conductor resumed his position, but the old prosperity did not return, and the choir was finally dispersed. Mr. Leslie composed a good deal of music, and some of his part-songs have considerable popularity. It was in 1885 that he wrote his famous trio, "O Memory." He offered it to Mr. Chappell, but that gentleman refused to take it even as a gift. Next year Mr. Leslie issued it at his own expense, and in 1890 he was able to say that, 37,000 copies having been sold, the trio had netted him the nice little sum of £1,150. At the same date Mr. Leslie's popular "Speed on, my lark, speed on," had brought him in £750. The deceased musician had reached his seventy-fourth year.

The death is announced of Madame DORUS-GRAS, originally—in the play-bills—named Dorus, at the advanced age of ninety. Madame Dorus made her *début* at the grand opera of Paris in 1830 in Rossini's forgotten opera, *Le Comte d'Ory*. She subsequently created the rôles of Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and of Marguerite de Valois in the same composer's *Les Huguenots*.

Mr. Henry Blower's Concert at Clapham.

ON Tuesday, February 5, Mr. Blower gave a successful evening concert at St. Ann's Hall, in aid of the building fund. He and all the artists generously gave their services to the cause, and so attractive was the programme that the hall was filled with the occupiers of five shilling reserved seats. The success was quite as great artistically as in the sum raised for the fund. The artists were Miss Clara Butt, Miss Helen Jackson, and Madame Medora Henson, Messrs. H. Blower and H. Piercy, Mr. R. Gompertz, Mr. F. Cliffe, and Mr. Waddington Cooke, also a baritone, who took the place of Mr. Hilton, absent through illness. The honours of the evening were divided between Miss Butt and Mr. Gompertz, whose violin seemed a part of himself, "twinning as horse's ear and eye." His style is Sarasate's rather than Joachim's, full of fire and fervour, and the audience cheered him to the echo, as well they might. Mr. Frederick Cliffe was a most accomplished and sympathetic coadjutor. In Grieg's Sonata (for violin and piano) in F major, op. 8, and Romance and Scherzo Capriccioso by Franz Ries, Mr. Waddington Cooke added greatly to the beauty of the songs by his admirable accompaniments.

Music in Glasgow.

A RECENT event of some importance was the first performance in Scotland of Saint Saën's *Samson and Delilah*. Originally intended for the stage, it does not seem now to be produced generally in that form; perhaps the subject being Biblical, managers are afraid of the susceptibilities of the public. However, better a half-loaf than no bread. The Choral Union, in connection with the Scottish Orchestra, are to be congratulated on their enterprise in this direction. Our local critics, as usual, were all at sixes and sevens regarding the merits of the performance. This was to be expected, as of course they must say something outside a generally favourable opinion.

The most important of the more recent productions have been Dvorák's *Spectre's Bride*, and the Grail Scene from *Parsifal*. Mr. Joseph Bradley conducted. The audience was not so large as might have been expected for a hearing of such notable works.

On the 11th February the Choral Union, in conjunction with the Orchestra gave a Handel selection concert, which drew a fairly large audience. The performers were Madame Clara Samuel, Miss Clara Butt, and Messrs. Piercy and Douglas Powell. Old Handel has still drawing powers left.

Maxims for Singers.

BY AN OLD ITALIAN MASTER.

SINCE Robert Schumann wrote his "Rules and Maxims for Young Musicians," there has been quite a deluge of similar pamphlets or booklets. But as Francis Bacon tells us in his essay on the "Vicissitude of Things," "Solomon saith, 'There is no new thing upon the earth'; so that, as Plato had an imagination that all knowledge was but remembrance, so Solomon giveth his sentence, 'That all novelty is but oblivion,' whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below." The hints and advice to musical students by Schumann and his successors or imitators have appeared in some other form before, but they are nevertheless interesting and instructive. The same may be said with regard to those of an old Italian teacher, Pier Francesco Tosi, a translation of whose volume, "Observations on the Florid Song; or, Sentiments on the *Ancient and Modern Singers*," was published in London in the early part of last century. Tosi, according to Galliard,* his English translator, was well known in London, "where he resided for some time in the reigns of King James II., King William, King George I., and the beginning of King George II. He died soon after, having lived to above fourscore. He had a great deal of wit and vivacity, which he retained to his latter days. His manner of singing was full of expression and passion, chiefly in the style of chamber-music. The best performers in his time thought themselves happy when they could have an opportunity to hear him. After he had lost his voice, he applied himself more particularly to composition." Tosi dedicated his volume to the great Earl of Peterborough, and he seemed to have been on intimate terms with that nobleman, as he wrote in the epistle to his lordship: "I should be afraid of leaving the world under the imputation of ingratitude, should I any longer defer publishing the very many favours which your lordship so generously has bestowed on me in Italy, in Germany, in Flanders, in England; and principally at your delightful seat at Parson's Green, where your lordship having been pleased to do me the honour of imparting to me your thoughts with freedom, I have often had the opportunity of admiring your extensive knowledge, which almost made me overlook the beauty and elegance of the place. The famous tulip-tree in your garden there is not so surprising a rarity as the uncommon penetration of your judgment, which has sometimes (I may say) foretold events which have afterwards come to pass."

The practice of giving instruction to young people who have not any voice to train seemed to have been as common at the beginning of the eighteenth century as it is now in the closing years of the nineteenth; for Tosi tells us: "The ancient masters made a distinction between the rich, that learned music as an accomplishment, and the poor, who studied it for a livelihood. The first they instructed out of interest, and the latter out of charity, if they discovered a singular talent. Very few modern masters refuse scholars; and, provided they are paid, little do they care if their greediness ruins the profession. Gentlemen masters! Italy hears no more such exquisite voices as in times past, particularly among the women, and to the shame of the guilty I will tell the reason. The ignorance of the parents does not let them perceive the badness of the voices of their children, as their necessity makes them believe that to sing and grow rich is one and the same thing, and to learn music, it is enough to have a pretty face: '*Can you make anything of her?*' You may, perhaps, teach them with their voice — Modesty will not permit me to explain myself further."

* John Ernest Galliard was born at Zell, in Hanover, about 1687. He came to England in 1706, and soon learned the English language. Galliard was a popular composer in his day, and one of his songs, "With Early Horn," is still occasionally heard at concerts. He was for some time chamber musician to Prince George of Denmark (husband of Queen Anne), and organist at Somerset House. Galliard died in 1749, and left a valuable musical library, which was afterwards sold by auction.

The substance of the following advice has appeared in more than one modern manual or treatise on singing issued by the London publishers. No reasonable amateur, however, will deny that it is of the utmost importance:—

"The master should let him (the pupil) read and pronounce the words, free from those gross and ridiculous errors of orthography by which many deprive one word of its double consonant, and add one to another in which it is single. After having corrected the pronunciation, let him take care that the words be uttered in such a manner without any affectation, that they be distinctly understood, and not one syllable lost; for if they are not distinguished, the singer deprives the hearer of the greatest part of that delight which music conveys by means of the words. For, if the words are not heard so as to be understood, there will be no great difference between a human voice and a hautboy. This defect, though one of the greatest, is nowadays more than common, to the greatest disgrace of the professors and the profession; and yet they ought to know that the words only give the preference to a singer above an instrumental performer, admitting them to be of equal judgment and knowledge. Let the modern master learn to make use of this advice, for never was it more necessary than at present."

The prospective successors of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Charles Santley who are now studying at our musical academies should consider this passage before venturing on the concert-platform:—

"Not only a scholar, but every singer ought to forbear *caricaturas*, or mimicking others, from the very bad consequences that attend them. To make others laugh, hardly gains any one's esteem, but certainly gives offence; for nobody likes to appear ridiculous or ignorant. This mimicking arises for the most part from a concealed ambition to show their own merit at another's expense, not without a mixture of envy and spite. Examples show us but too plainly the great injury they are apt to do, and that it well deserves reproof, for mimicry has ruined more than one singer."

Tosi seems to have been a prophet, as this passage reads very much like a rough sketch of the numerous articles written by Richard Wagner and his supporters:—

"He that first introduced music on the stage, probably thought to lead her to a triumph and raise her to a throne. But who would ever have imagined that in the short course of a few years she should be reduced to the fatal circumstance of seeing her own tragedy? Ye pompous fabrics of the theatre! We should look upon you with horror. You are the origin of the abuses and of the errors. From you is derived the *modern* style, and the multitude of ballad-makers. You are the only occasion of the scarcity of judicious and well-grounded professors who justly deserve the title of chapel-master; since the poor counterpoint has been condemned in this corrupted age to beg for a piece of bread in churches, whilst the ignorance of many exults on the stage, the most part of the composers have been prompted by avarice or indigence to abandon in such manner the true study that one may foresee (if not succoured by these few that still gloriously sustain its dearest precepts) music, after having lost the name of science and a companion of philosophy, will run the risk of being reputed unworthy to enter the sacred temples from the scandal given there by the jigs, minuets, and *Furlanas* (country dances); and, in fact, where the taste is so depraved, what would make the difference between the church-music and the theatrical, if money was received at the church doors?"

The threatened downfall of Italian Opera and the want of patronage accorded seems to have caused some uneasiness to those who derived from it their principal means of support in the beginning of the eighteenth century, as was the case when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson were ruined by their ventures some few years ago. But Italian Opera has survived the extinction of managers, and is likely to flourish on for another century at least:—

"The golden age of music would be already at an end if the swans did not make their nests on some theatres in Italy or on the royal banks of the Thames. O dear London! On the other streams they sing no more as they used to do their sweet notes at their expiring, but rather sadly lament the expiration of those

august and adorable princes, by whom they were tenderly beloved and esteemed. This is the usual vicissitude of things in this world, and we daily see that whatever is sublunary must of necessity decline."

This should be considered by singers suffering from perpetual colds, and wealthy folks who are fond of inviting musicians to their afternoon and evening parties :—

"A discreet person will never use affected expressions as, *I cannot sing to-day; I have got a deadly cold*; and, making his excuse, falls a-coughing. I can truly say that I have never in my life heard a singer own the truth, and say, *I am very well to-day*. They reserve the unseasonable confession to the next day, when they make no difficulty to say, *In all my days my voice was never in better order than it was yesterday*. I own, on certain conjectures, the pretext is not only suitable, but even necessary; for, to speak the truth, the indiscreet parsimony of some, who would hear music for thanks only, goes so far, that they think a master is immediately obliged to obey them *gratis*, and that the refusal is an offence that deserves resentment and revenge. But if it is a law, human and Divine, that everybody should live by their honest labour, what barbarous custom obliges a musician to serve without a recompence? A cursed overbearing. O sordid avarice!"

There is some more practical advice for singers :—

"It is a folly in a singer to grow vain at the first applauses, without reflecting whether they are given by chance, or out of flattery; and if he thinks he deserves them, there is an end of him. He should regulate his voice according to the place where he sings, for it would be the greatest absurdity not to make a difference between a small cabinet and a vast theatre. All compositions for more than one voice ought to be sung strictly as they are written; nor do they require any other art but a noble simplicity. I remember to have heard once a famous duet torn into atoms by two renowned singers, in emulation—the one proposing, and the other by turns answering, that at last it ended in a contest, who could produce the most extravagances. The correction of friends that have knowledge instructs very much; but still greater advantage may be gained from the ill-natured critics, for, the more intent they are to discover defects, the greater benefit may be received from them without any obligation. To please universally, reason will tell you that you must always sing well; but if reason

does not inform you, interest will persuade you to conform to the taste of the nation (provided it be not too depraved) which pays you."

This is how Tosi sums up the question of acting on the operatic stage :—

"I do not know if a perfect singer can at the same time be a perfect actor; for the mind being at once divided by two different operations, he will probably incline more to one than the other. It being, however, much more difficult to sing well than to act well, the merit of the first is beyond the second. What a felicity would it be to possess both in a perfect degree!"

There was no Incorporated Society of Musicians two hundred years ago, but complaints about incompetence were as loud as at the present time :—

"There are nowadays as many masters as there are professors of music in any kind. Every one of them teaches; I do not mean the first rudiments only—that would be an affront to them—I am now speaking of those who take upon them the part of a legislator in the most finished part in singing; and should we then wonder that the good taste is near lost, and that the profession is going to ruin? So mischievous a pretension prevails not only among those who can barely be said to sing, but among the meanest instrumental performers, who, though they never sang, nor know how to sing, pretend not only to teach, but to perfect, and find some that are weak enough to be imposed on. It may seem to many that every perfect singer must also be a perfect instructor, but it is not so; for his qualifications (though ever so great) are insufficient if he cannot communicate his sentiments with ease, and in a method adapted to the ability of the scholar; if he has not some notion of composition, and a manner of instructing which may seem rather an entertainment than a lesson, with the happy talent to show the ability of the singer to advantage, and conceal his imperfections, which are the principal and most necessary instructions."

There are few pages in Pier Francesco Tosi's volume which might not afford important quotations if space permitted. But what has been given in these columns will be sufficient to prove that the old Italian master's maxims for singers are the product of the philosophical reflections of a well-informed mind.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

Accidentals.

MORITZ ROSENTHAL is to give a cycle of seven historical piano recitals in May and June. The earlier programmes will contain examples of the older piano and harpsichord music, and Rosenthal will gradually play through the history of his instrument down to the most advanced modern works.

Madame Melba recently had £300 per concert during a tour. Jean de Reszke gets in America £250 a week and five per cent on the receipts.

It is already remembered at Vienna that January 31, next year, will be the centenary of the birth of Schubert, and steps are being taken to celebrate the occasion in worthy fashion.

Siegfried Wagner is said to be engaged to the daughter of a wealthy Munich brewer.

Mr. Schulz-Curtius announces a series of three Wagner concerts, to be conducted by Felix Mottl, on April 28, May 14, and June 11. Three Richter concerts are also announced.

A history of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festivals, by Messrs. Legge and Hansell, will be published in the autumn. As the cheapest edition is to be two guineas, not many people are likely to want it.

The next appearance of *Trilby*, the irrepressible, will be as the heroine of an opera. By all accounts it will be a curious production. The part of Svengali is to be written for a baritone; the scenes in the studio will afford scope for humorous song treatment, and the chorus is to be fully employed. In fact, *Trilby*, as we understand, is to be mainly a comic opera.

Arrangements have now been made for the Norwich Festival of October next. Mr. Randegger is again conductor, and the new

works will be a choral ballad by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and a cantata by Signor Mancinelli, *Hero and Leander*.

Mr. Kuhe, the veteran Brighton pianist, will shortly publish his memoirs. The record will extend over a period of sixty years. A life of Mr. Robert P. Stewart, Professor of Music at Dublin, is also promised.

It is rumoured that Miss Muriel Barnby, the daughter of the late Sir Joseph Barnby, contemplates adopting the lyric stage as a profession.

Mr. Hoyte, the well-known organist of All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, has got married. The bride is the second daughter of T. Cayley Hutchinson, Esq., Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, retired.

A scholarship at the R.A.M. is suggested as a memorial of the late Mr. Carrodus.

It is announced that a Life of Sir Joseph Barnby, by Mr. W. H. S. Johnstone, will shortly be issued.

Truth says that the post of Principal at the Guildhall School of Music is practically at the refusal of Sir A. C. Mackenzie. The salary is just double that of the R.A.M. But then the "status"?

Richter was taken suddenly ill while conducting a recent Philharmonic Concert at Vienna. An improvement is reported as we write.

The testimonial to Lady Hallé—a substantial cheque—will be presented before Easter.

It is rumoured that the next Director of the Paris Conservatoire will be M. Massenet. He is already a Professor of Composition there.

Mr. Baring Gould on English Opera.

THE third volume of Mr. Baring Gould's *English Minstrel-sie*, which is being published by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, is notable for a lengthy sketch of the history of English opera from the pen of the editor. Mr. Baring Gould does not marshal his facts in the best order, nor is his style always above reproach; but at least he gives us an abundance of matter which we may digest at leisure for ourselves. Now and again he makes a slip as becomes a gentleman of his versatile attainments; but then, no one would think of referring to Mr. Baring Gould as a musical historian without adopting the necessary checks, and in the end no harm is done. Still we do wish Mr. Baring Gould would be more careful in his choice of words and less slipshod in his English. Many of his sentences offend both the ear and the grammatical sense; and such phrases as, "it would be thrown into the ash-midden" cannot be commended for their choiceness of taste.

Mr. Baring Gould begins his sketch by pointing out that, to comprehend the history of English opera, it is necessary to keep distinct in the mind two sources and two parallel streams of music. First, we have the drama, into which songs were introduced that in no way helped the action of the piece, but were mere embellishments, and could be omitted without detriment to the plot. Thus in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* we have fine songs, which are in no way essential to the movement and development of the piece itself. As we go on we find more songs and ballads introduced, until, when we come to Tom D'Urfey, the plays begin to be stuffed with them. There we have the origin and growth of the ballad opera. Then, in the second place, we have the masque, the courtly performance which was not for the vulgar, and into which no common ballad tunes were introduced. The masque was in the hands of court poets, costumiers, masters of revels, and court musicians; and the result was something wholly fantastical and foreign to the popular taste.

These masques were got up at lavish expense. That of the Inner Temple of Gray's Inn, presented in February, 1613, on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, cost £1,086, equal to about three times that amount in modern money. Some of the masques, speaking of their music, were entirely in recitative! In 1617, Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight* was presented at Court during the Christmas holidays, and in it there is a distinction between air and recitative. The piece opens with Delight, personified, who, *stilo recitativo*, "spake in song." Then Night, likewise personified, sang, "Break, Fancy, form thy cave of cloud." This air ends in a chorus, after which Fancy speaks *in stilo recitativo*. Then Peace sings, after which there is an air which terminates with a chorus. This song ended, Wonder speaks in recitation, and the whole winds up with dance, song, and chorus. Here we have all the characteristics of a genuine opera of modern times complete—scenery, machinery, poetry, musical declamation, air, ballet, and chorus. Further works of the kind, mostly improvements on their predecessors, followed until the Great Rebellion put an end to all masques and revelries.

In 1642 the Civil War began; in 1643 the liturgy and cathedral services were abolished, choirs dispersed, theatres closed, and the profession of music became temporarily non-existent. The Puritans, gaining the upper hand, had no mercy on the stage. An Act was passed in 1647 ordering the suppression and dismantling of the theatres; all actors were to be publicly whipped; and all spectators and playgoers for every offence condemned to forfeit five shillings. This was the *coup de grace*, for previous ordinances had already dealt the stage and music severe blows; in 1636, the theatres had been closed for ten months; in 1642 they were ordered to be shut for eighteen months. From 1644 to 1660, music and the drama were under condemnation; but in spite of edicts and the Dionysian law of the Puritan, the natural love of

music continued to assert itself. Mr. Baring Gould, in support of this, makes several quotations from the diary of Anthony Wood, which certainly show that the Puritans, though they may have thought differently, did not have it all their own way.

With the Restoration, all restraint was of course removed. The drama at once sprang into life, and music attended it. Purcell composed the introductory music to most of the plays that were brought on the stage during his time, and to a great many other things besides. Mr. Baring Gould dwells at some length upon this early composer, of whom John Bull and Dr. Bridge are so proud. He allows that Purcell was a genius, and could create melody when he liked; but he was so bound by tradition, that he seldom fell into what was then considered "the weakness of composing rhythmical melody." To do Purcell justice, he rather boldly declares that some modern musician should take his compositions in hand and shape them, "as no doubt in his inmost soul he would have wished them to be shaped, but which he dared not attempt, afraid of running counter to the fashion of the day." After the recent proposal to re-edit Beethoven, this does not seem an important affair; but all the same, if any one should attempt to tinker Purcell in the manner suggested, his place among "the noble army of martyrs" should be made secure. Purcell, as a matter of fact, laid the foundations of national English opera, for he followed and developed the pattern of the masque, and in no way took up the thread of the ballad opera. In *King Arthur*, which teems with beauties, we have in germ all that the opera has since become.

Unhappily Purcell died young, and there were none to follow out the line indicated by him in *King Arthur*. A sudden craze set in for Italian music, and what would have been an epoch-making work suffered from the dearth of musical genius in the England of the period. Italian singers flocked thither in shoals in the belief that a harvest of gold was awaiting them; and, in fact, so complete was the invasion, that in 1708 the Haymarket Theatre was entirely vacated in favour of the foreigners. Thenceforward Italian Opera, performed by Italians, prevailed; and English vocalists, when they were engaged at all, were relegated to the singing of songs as interludes before the curtain between the Acts! Of course there were protests against this sovereignty of Italian music; but nothing serious happened until 1727, when the revolt took shape in *The Beggar's Opera*, a work which, as Mr. Baring Gould puts it, was the protest of healthy English feeling against melody frittered away until no longer distinguishable from recitative—the reassertion of the legitimate place of rhythmic melody in music. But *The Beggar's Opera* introduced nothing new; it simply replaced on their pedestals the old airs dear to English people from the days of their childhood. And although we are indebted to this movement for having rescued for us from oblivion a host of sound old ballad tunes that otherwise would certainly have been lost, yet on the whole *The Beggar's Opera* had a mischievous effect on English music. It stereotyped the ballad opera in contradistinction to the musical drama. Thenceforth the notion was everywhere accepted that the English opera should be a play into which so many songs were to be introduced that had little to do with the plot, and that could be omitted if the actors had not good voices. The play was the thing; the music a not indispensable and integral portion of it. Immediately on *The Beggar's Opera* proving a success, a host of imitations appeared, in which the songs were all written to existing airs, so that the composer had nothing to do but write an overture!

This sort of thing went on for twelve or fourteen years. By-and-by some original music appeared in the operas; and when we come to the time of *Artaxerxes*, in 1762, we find Dr. Arne making an attempt to re-found the English musical drama on the lines of Purcell. *Artaxerxes* was a huge success; it kept the stage for

three-quarters of a century, but it was a mixture after all—part English, part Italian. After Arne came Dr. Samuel Arnold, but his operas are notable only for their number, for Arnold set more store on his oratorios. Passing over Thomas Carter and James Hook, and other opera compilers of the same order, we reach the prolific William Shield, a man of genuine ability without being exactly a genius, who finished his thirty-first opera before he died. Stephen Storace was an inveterate compiler, who borrowed almost wholly from Italian sources. This was the more inexcusable that he was paid long prices for his work. Poor Arnold got only twelve guineas for *The Maid of the Mill*; Arne obtained prices which scarcely covered the costs of copying; but the publishers paid Storace over five hundred guineas a piece for most of his operas, and sometimes fifty or a hundred guineas for a single composition. For these prices he certainly ought to have done something more than pick the brains of foreign musicians. A word should be said for Charles Dibdin. He was no scientific musician, but he had in him, what no science can give, spontaneous power of creating melody—not melody of the first quality, but robust and good in its way, with a healthy vitality in it, and an English character, very different from the commonplaces of Hook, and with a freshness nowhere discernible in Storace.

The conditions of ballad opera in England remained pretty much the same well on into the present century. Composers simply strung together a number of tunes, only now and then original, and put an orchestral accompaniment to them. No manager would look at a manuscript that contained a dramatic *scena* in music. The people would have it that English opera should be ballad opera only, and there the matter remained. Even when *Oberon* was produced at Covent Garden in 1826, all the concerted numbers were cut out, and it was thought that the audience would not tolerate even the exquisite song of "The Mermaid." No wonder

Weber wrote: "The cut of an English opera is certainly very different from a German one. The English is more a drama with songs than an opera." Even Sir Henry Bishop followed the tradition without a single attempt to break it, for his compositions for the stage are neither more nor less than ballad operas. He produced in all the phenomenal number of eighty-eight ballad operas. When Balfe arrived on the scene, he at once made a breach in the wall of English prejudice against English opera being musically dramatic. Mr. Baring Gould closes his survey with him, but he ends up with a fling at one of our composers which some people will regard as amusing, other people as simply impertinent. "We have at least," says he, "one name of a composer whose work is popular, but he has been degraded to the composition of musical buffoonery. Whether capable of doing higher and better work may be doubted, as also whether some of his most popular airs are not *réchauffés* of old English melodies, treated as Arnold treated them a century later. The popular love for musical foolery has driven fresher and more original work into the background." So does the country parson belabour Sir Arthur!

Messrs. Jack are producing this work of Mr. Baring Gould's in a manner which is in every way a credit. The printing and binding are excellent, and the portraits and other illustrations are abundant and good. In a printed slip inserted in our copy of the third volume it is announced that in order to meet the objections which have been raised against the non-chronological arrangement of the work there will be issued with the last volume a full chronological index in addition to an alphabetical index. The present arrangement was, of course, adopted with a view to give in each volume a suitable variety, and, as far as practicable, a representative selection.

Music in New York.

THE usual Christmastide performances of the *Messiah* by the Oratorio Society and other bodies took place, but it is now too late to deal with these in detail.

Victor Maurel, of the Opera Company, has given a series of three song recitals, at Chickering Hall. His first programme consisted of French songs, the second of Italian, while the third was given up to miscellaneous songs. This distinguished artist met with most gratifying success, and gave to the public three concerts which it would be impossible to excel in refined and classical selection of numbers and in finished and artistic rendering of the same.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a song-bird from California, with a range of four octaves, is advertising herself most extensively for two concerts in the near future. One of the many features of her unique announcements is the appearance of a monster staff of music on the bill boards, on which is given the range of Nilsson, Patti, and Yaw. It goes without saying that the range of the latter eclipses that of the first two. It would seem as if her proper sphere were in a dime-museum as a freak rather than on the concert stage.

Yvette Guilbert is with us, and her success or failure is still undetermined. While she is not losing money for her manager, yet the public have not gone wild over her as was expected.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society Orchestra, on January 11, was made noteworthy by the hearing of a composition by an American composer, to wit, the *Melpomene* overture of Mr. George W. Chadwick. Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin was played by Emile Sauret, as was also Saint Saëns' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, op. 28. The remaining orchestral num-

bers were the Dream music from Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, and Dvorak's G major Symphony, No. 4. This society has lost one of its oldest and most devoted members by the death of Frederick Rietzel, solo flute, who joined the orchestra in the year 1847.

The performances at the Metropolitan Opera House will soon be drawing to a close, as the announcements are beginning to read: "Last representation of this opera"; and yet, simultaneously with these we read of other operas, "First performance this season." The Wagner operas given on Thursday evenings by this company have been most worthy productions, but the attendance has not been all that could be desired. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that the Damrosch German Opera will soon be here, and the public, especially the German portion of it, wish to hear Wagner given by Teutonic artists and not by the Italian. There is one other point, too, which has great weight with our thrifty German opera-goers: the present opera prices are far higher than will be charged later on under the Damrosch management.

On Saturday, January 18, at the matinée, *Faust* was given to an overflowing house, and in the evening *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* held the boards. At these two performances it was estimated that more than nine thousand persons were present. As all the prices for seats are exceptionally high it is not a difficult matter to compute that the dividends for that day are going to be far above the average. One can almost see the smiles which will spread over the faces of the managers as they gaze at this mute but golden token of the public's appreciation. INSLAW.



The Academies.



— : o : —

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A CONCERT will be given at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, in connection with the above Academy, on March 7, when the prizes will be awarded to the successful candidates (hon students) who passed the examinations held in January last. The following is a list of them:—

VOCALISTS.—*Bronze Medals*: Miss Grace Borwell, Winifred Edwards, Elize Jane Eggesfield, Maude E. Farrin, Mary Gray, Annette Hart, Susette L. Hicks, Annie Johnson, Marian Lewes, Constance Milton, Emily Musselwhite, Alice Muter, Claribel Robinson, Annie L. Rodrigues, Edith May Rogers, Winnie Porteus Rymer, Winifred A. Saunders, Adeline Wiggins, Marianne Zippel, Mrs. Jeannie Fawcett, Laura Humphrys, and Mary Stuart Thynne. *Silver Medals*: Miss Harriet Kendall, Winifred Marwood, Lillie Scott, May Hartree Tindall, and Mrs. Edith Musgrove. *Gold Medals*: Miss Mary Rhoda Hulburt and Kathleen Woolmer-Williams.

PIANISTS.—*Bronze Medals*: Miss Maude Lilian Allwright, Winifred Allwright, Florence Lilian Carew Barber, Dora Mary Rose Beedell, Ida W. Bendall, Edith Brown, Miriam Cohen, Annie Cole, Margaret Lilian Fowles, Mary Elizabeth Gwendolyn Herz, Dorothea Blanche Hiberdon, Mildred M. Hopking, Dolly Kaufman, Mary Maconochie, Minny M. Maconochie, Rose Moore, Edith Netting, Mary Kathleen Nicholls, Edith F. Parker, Minnie Raeburn, Elsie Rinder, Lucy A. Sadler, Priscilla Stringer, Rhoda Stringer, Fannie G. Thomas, Amelia Thompson, Mary A. G. Thompson, Lizzie Thorne, Theodora Mary Triggs, Alice M. Wadeson, Ellen C. Wadeson, Edith Weddell, Margaret Julia Weeks, Cicely Wells-Dymoke, Eglantine Beatrice Wood, and Mrs. Annie Moir. *Silver Medals*: Miss Violet Katherine Blaiklock, Margaret L. Clayton, Ethel Alice Dear, Florence Maybank Evans, Rose Hindley, Agnes Jane Jackson, Alice Maude Musgrove, Ethel Stewart Rogers, Edith M. Shaw, Eunice Amy Stowell, Julia Valentine, Mrs. Amy C. Inglis, and Mr. Herbert Paurucker.

VIOLINISTS.—*Bronze Medals*: Miss Elize Jessie Bonallack and Katherine Fuller. *Silver Medals*: Miss Annie Milburn Goldie, Madeline Jacobi, and Mr. Charles A. Page.

HARMONISTS.—*Bronze Medals*: Miss Mary Rhoda Hulburt, Bessie Loader, Emily E. Player, Elsie Rinder, Mary E. Sheldon-Smith, Lavinia Tether, Lina Wyllie, and Mr. Clement Courtenay. *Silver Medal*: Miss Louise Zillah Dugdale.

SIDNEY R. COLE, Sec.

The next examinations of hon-students will take place on Saturday, July 25, and following days.

A Students' Concert was given in the minor hall of the London Academy on Monday, February 24.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Wednesday, January 8, the competition for the Macfarren Scholarship took place, Percy Hilder Miles being the successful competitor. The examiners, Mr. Edward German, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Mr. Frederick H. Cowen (chairman), highly commended Joseph Charles Holbrook.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

A highly interesting recital of music for viola d'amore and viola da gamba was given by Messrs. G. and H. Saint-George at Trinity College, on February 4. The aim of these two gentlemen "is to revive these favourite instruments of the 17th and 18th centuries, not as rivals of violin and violoncello, but as distinct instruments, worthy of regard for their own characteristics, and keeping to their own rôle, which, however, need not of necessity consist exclusively of music of a past age, as these instruments admit of a development far beyond that produced by the limited technique of two centuries ago. The second part of this recital is arranged to show the adaptability of the viola d'amore and viola da gamba to modern music." Mr. H. Saint-George played the following pieces on the viola da gamba: Ayre and Saraband, composed by John Jenkins about 1630; Chaconne, by Marin Marais, 1724; Adagio, by Roland Marais, about 1720; Muzette, by De Caix d'Hervelois, 1689; Pavane, by H. Saint-George; and Nocturne in E flat by Chopin. Mr. G. Saint-George played Lezione (sonata) No. 2, by A. Ariosti, 1712; Piayers, by Sarasate; Petite Serenade, by G. Saint-George; and Cantilene, by L. Janga, for viola d'amore.

LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

The Students' Monthly Concert took place on January 25 last. The programme consisted of first movement of Beethoven's "Concerto in B flat," by Miss Rock; a duet (Mendelssohn), "I would that my love," by the Misses Jaye and Soutten; piano solo, "Tarantelle" for small hands (Scotson Clark), by Miss Garner; violin solo (Laub), "Romance," by Mr. Isodore Schwiller; song, "Father of Heaven" (Handel), by Miss Lilian Corner; Bach's "Fuga alla Giga" for organ, by Miss Edroff; "Prelude" and "Am Springbrunnen" for piano, by Chopin and Scholtz respectively, and played by Miss Phillips; song, "Let me dream again" (Sullivan), by Miss E. Rock; and Gade's "Sonata in A" for piano and violin, by Miss Evans and Mr. Schwiller.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The first Students' Recital was given on January 29, and are being held fortnightly.

The first Students' Concert took place on February 5, and are also being given fortnightly.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The following candidates were successful in passing the required examinations for diplomas, held in December last:—

ASSOCIATES IN MUSIC (A. Mus. L. C. M.).

William John Cox, John Hutcheson, John William Evans, Fred Lees Buckley, Herbert Whiteley, Gertrude Jackson, Herbert Abson, Wilhelmina M. J. West, and William E. Clapperton.

LICENTIATES (L. L. C. M.).

Pianoforte Playing.—Martha Lena Parker, Isabella P. Harper, Henriette Brauer, Elizabeth Sarah J. King, Grace Cabuzet, Emmalene Davis, Adelaide Brewerton, Emily R. Cordingley, Ethel Marian Hall, Henry Waters, Caroline Welch, Helen M. Sandell, Ameer R. Barnard, Gertrude S. Toussaint, Mabel Dawson Ruddock, Stephen Walter Sangster, and Ernest George Wilkinson.

Singing.—Annie Alice Heal, Jane Agnes Muirhead, Lillie Isherwood, Walter George Radley, and Naomi O. Kirby.

ASSOCIATES (A. L. C. M.).

Pianoforte Playing.—Edith M. W. Holden, Mary Vincent, Lucy Simpson, Dorothy Graham Adams, Richard Henry Brooks, Percy William Aston, Dorothy Margaret Stroud, Alice Marion Fritch, Florence Castle, Margaret Elizabeth Jeyes, Florence Melinda Walter, Maud Adelina M. Randle, Clara Vivian Morley, Ellen Kingsbury, William Henry Stubbley, Jessie Frith, Sarah C. Pennington, Frances Annie Whalley, Emmalene Davis, Blanche A. A. Boullemier, Arthur Knowles, John Benjamin Wood, Thomas Taylor, William Ernest Fox, Dora M. Royle, William Billington, George Harry Garside, John Arthur Turner, Mary E. Toomey, Ethel Briggs, Beatrice Redfern, Millicent Holbrook, Lucy Byers, Thomas B. Killip, Kate Sweet, Flora Irena Mathewman, Maggie Thomas, Mary B. Griffith, Gertrude Hudson, Sarah Owens, Gertrude M. M. Davies, Ethel R. Sangster, Louisa Kate Pincombe, Eleanor Castle, Jessie Alexander, Minnie Samuelli, Frances Sharman, Ethel Maude Ward, Gertrude S. Toussaint, Maud Quarry, Meriel Olive Cheek, Emily M. Cockle, Mary Agnes Sykes, Ada Louise Clifford, Eva Mary Allport, Kat. Mary Thornhill, Mary Alice Garland, Maude Billings, Muriel Donnithorne, Stephen Walter Sangster, Marian S. Marshallsay, Maggie Mathie, Janet G. Hendry, Elizabeth A. Browne, Grace Evelyn Pratt, Eleanor Langley, Lizzie Stevens, Elizabeth S. Woodhouse, Elizabeth Ellen Lofthouse, Sarah B. Clark, Maurice Mulcahy, Mary Jane Dent, and Elizabeth Willis Brown.

Singing.—Emma Anderson, Mary Brymer, Lizzie Thomas, Florence M. R. Shepherd, Jessie Mary Hughes, Andrew Douglas Bowie, Walter George Radley, Mary Poole, Nigeline Linton, McGregor Cusiter, and Kate Clark.

Violin Playing.—John Arthur Hatch, Whittaker Morrison, Hylda J. Bruce-Payne, Joseph Stocks, and Maude Jaques.

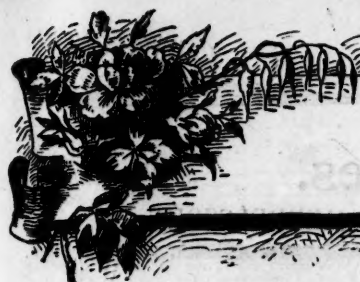
Organ Playing.—Harry Thomas, William Charles Barnes, George H. Humphreys, Henry Jones Greenfield, Frances Helen Topham, and Robert Flynn.

There were 178 entries for Diplomas, of which number 126 passed, 49 failed, and 3 were absent.

The Examiners were:—Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott, Mr. G. Augustus Holmes, Dr. F. J. Karn, Mr. Seymour Smith, Mr. Theodore S. Tearne, Dr. C. E. Allum, Dr. W. H. Longhurst, Mr. Frederic Atkins, Dr. Orlando A. Mansfield, Dr. C. H. Briggs, Dr. William Spark, Mr. J. Maude Crament, Mr. Wm. C. Dewberry, Dr. Horton Allison, Dr. Horace Hill, and Dr. Walter H. Sangster.

The Higher Examinations for Diplomas of Associate (A. L. C. M.), Licentiate (L. L. C. M.), Associate in Music (A. Mus. L. C. M.), and Licentiate in Music (L. Mus. L. C. M.), are held in London, and at certain provincial centres in December and July.





Barcarolle.

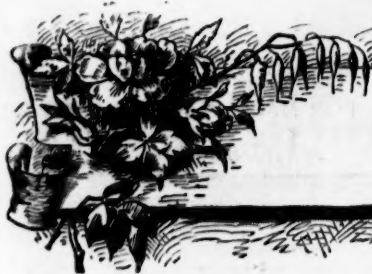
FOUR-PART SONG
FOR MALE VOICES.

MENDELSSOHN.



Andante. (♩ = 69.)

PIANO. *pp*



March of the Elves.

(From "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")

MENDELSSOHN.



Allegro vivace. (♩ = 132.)



First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The right hand features a series of chords with fingerings (1-3, 2-4, 3-5) and a final sixteenth-note arpeggiated chord. The left hand plays a bass line with chords and a final whole-note chord. A *sf* (sforzando) marking is present in measure 4.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The right hand continues with chords and fingerings. The left hand has a bass line with a *p* (piano) marking in measure 6 and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking in measure 7. A *ped.* (pedal) marking is at the end of measure 8.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The right hand has a series of chords with fingerings. The left hand has a bass line with a *p* marking in measure 10 and a *ped.* marking in measure 12. Asterisks (*) are placed below measures 9 and 11.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The right hand features chords with fingerings. The left hand has a bass line with a *ped.* marking in measure 14. Asterisks (*) are placed below measures 13 and 16.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The right hand has chords with fingerings. The left hand has a bass line with a *dim.* marking in measure 17, a *p* marking in measure 19, and a *pp* (pianissimo) marking in measure 20. A *ped.* marking is at the end of measure 20.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The right hand has a series of chords. The left hand has a bass line with a *ped.* marking in measure 22. An asterisk (*) is placed below measure 24.

"Songs Without Words."

MENDELSSOHN.

Molto Allegro vivace.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a piano accompaniment staff (treble and bass clef) and a vocal staff (treble clef). The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes various dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *sp* (sforzando), *p* (piano), and *sf* (sforzando). The vocal line begins in the fifth system with the lyrics "eres - cen - do". The piano accompaniment features intricate arpeggiated and chordal textures throughout.



f *sempre f* *sf*

sf *fp*

sf

p *tranquillo.*

cres *cen* *do.* *sf* *f* *p*

poco *a* *poco* *cres* *cen* *do.*



sempre piu *f* *sf* piu *f*

al *sf*

dimin poco a poco al

p sempre dimin.

pp leggiero. dimin.

diminu en do. Fine.

cres - cen - do poco ri tar - dan - do

Allegretto.

SECONDO.

(From the "Hymn of Praise.")

MENDELSSOHN.

Allegretto un poco agitato. (♩ = 80.)

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It consists of five systems of music. The piano part is in the lower register, and the violin part is in the upper register. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *dim.* (diminuendo), *f* (forte), and *sf* (sforzando). A section marked *A* begins in the second system.

PRIMO.

(From the "Hymn of Praise.")

Allegretto

p *sempre legato*

sempre staccato

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece begins with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment. The treble staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with some notes marked with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *cresc.* (crescendo). The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

[illegible]

Musical score for "The Swan" from "The Nutcracker" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and features a piano (p) to forte (sf) dynamic range. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings.

SECONDO

First system of musical notation. The upper staff contains a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The lower staff contains a bass line. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *sf*.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff features a melodic line with a key signature change to B major, indicated by a 'B' above the staff. Dynamics include *dim.*, *p*, and *cre -*. The lower staff contains a bass line.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff contains a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *f* and *dim.*. The lower staff contains a bass line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff contains a melodic line. Dynamics include *pp.*. The lower staff contains a bass line.

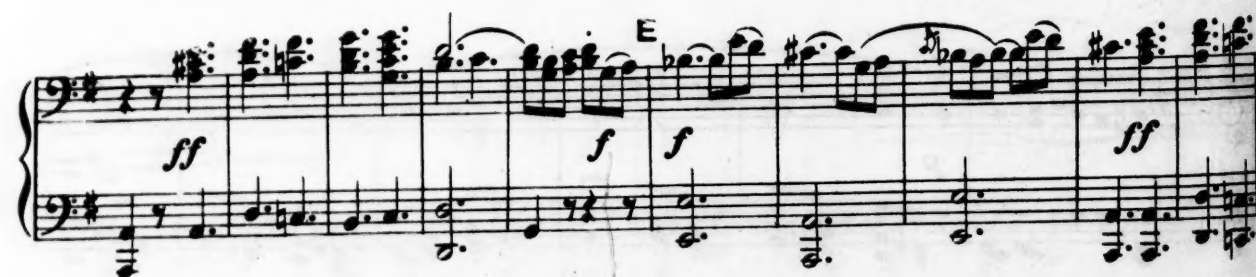
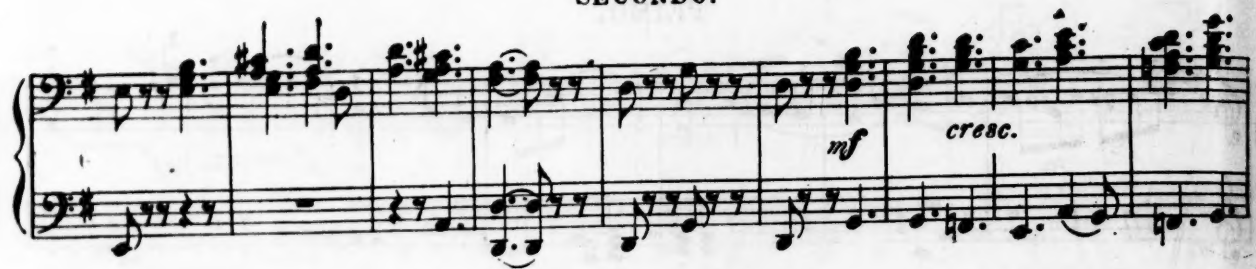
Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff contains a melodic line with a key signature change to C major, indicated by a 'C' above the staff. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, and *p*. The lower staff contains a bass line.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff contains a melodic line. Dynamics include *mf*, *sf*, and *p*. The lower staff contains a bass line.



PRIMO.

SECONDO.



PRIMO.

8 1 1

mf *pp* *mf* *cresc.*

f *p* *mf* *cresc.* *pp* *mf*

D

cresc. *f* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *pp*

f *sf* *cre-scendo*

8 E

ff *f*

ff *sf* *pp*

SECONDO.

The musical score consists of six systems of music, each with a piano (upper) and bass (lower) staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings.

System 1: The piano staff begins with a series of chords and moving lines. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appears in the piano staff.

System 2: The piano staff features a melodic line with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. A *p* (piano) marking is present in the piano staff, and a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is in the bass staff.

System 3: The piano staff has a melodic line with dynamics of *f*, *dim.* (diminuendo), *p*, *sf* (sforzando), *dim.*, and *p*. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

System 4: The piano staff has a melodic line with dynamics of *dim.*, *nu* (nuovo), *- endo* (finito), and *pp* (pianissimo). The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

System 5: The piano staff has a melodic line with dynamics of *cresc.*, *fp* (fortissimo), and *dim.*. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

System 6: The piano staff has a melodic line with dynamics of *pp* and *pp*. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

PRIMO.

Nocturne No. V.

J. FIELD.

Andantino.

mf cantabile

The musical score is written for piano and right hand. It consists of six systems of music. The piano part is marked *legatiss.* and the right hand part is marked *mf cantabile*. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings. The tempo is marked *Andantino.* and the dynamics range from *mf* to *sf*. The score is published by Birtis, 1896, as indicated by the stamp at the bottom.

53. 2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

2 3 5 3 1 4 3 8

2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

5 2 3 5 13

piu f *dimin.*

2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

2 1 4 8 2 1 4 4 3 2 1

piu f *p* *pp* *p*

2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

4 3 3 3 4 5 4 5 4 3 3 3 4

p *cresc.*

2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

5 4 3 1 2 3 5 3 5 1 2 3 2

dim. *p* *ritard.*

2 4 3 3 2 1 5 3 12

Minuet. MOZART.



First system of a musical score in G major (one sharp). The treble clef staff contains a vocal line with lyrics "cre - - - scen - - - do" and a dynamic marking *p* at the beginning. The bass clef staff provides a continuous accompaniment of eighth notes.

Second system of the musical score. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with a dynamic marking *ff* (fortissimo) towards the end. The bass clef staff continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Third system of the musical score. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with a dynamic marking *dolce.* (dolce). The bass clef staff continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with a dynamic marking *p* (piano) at the end. The bass clef staff continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Fifth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with a dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The bass clef staff continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Minuet. MOZART.

Harmonium. *dolce*



cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do *f*

ff

p *dolce* *f*

p *sf* *p* *sf* *p*

p *p* *rall.*



Sonate Pathétique.

BEETHOVEN, Op. 13.

Grave. (♩ = 66)

f *p* *f* *p* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* 9

p *sf* *p* *sf* *cresc.*

sf *sf*

sf *sf*

cresc.

sf *sf*

cresc. *sf*

Attacca subito l'Allegro.

Allegro di molto e con brío. (♩ = 144)



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is common time.



Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) dynamics, along with a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.



Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features forte (*f*) dynamics and complex fingering (e.g., 4 2, 3 5, 2 3). The bass staff includes piano (*p*) dynamics and complex fingering (e.g., 1 2, 3 4, 5 6).



Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking and complex fingering (e.g., 5 4, 3 2, 1 2, 3 4, 5 6). The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.



Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes forte (*f*) dynamics and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.



Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes forte (*f*) dynamics. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains a melodic line with trills and slurs, marked with '342' and '342'. Bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line with trills and slurs, marked with '342' and '342'. Bass staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes a crescendo marking 'cresc.' and a fermata. Bass staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes a decrescendo marking 'decresc.' and a piano marking 'pp'. Bass staff includes a fermata and a decrescendo marking 'decresc.'.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes a piano marking 'p' and a crescendo marking 'cresc.'. Bass staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes a crescendo marking 'cresc.' and a piano marking 'p'. Bass staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.



Tempo I.

First system of musical notation, piano part. It consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is common time (C). The music features complex fingerings with numbers 1-5 above notes. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *sp*, *decresc.*, and *pp*. There are also *ped.* (pedal) markings with asterisks.

Allegro molto e con brio.

Second system of musical notation, piano part. It continues the piece with similar complexity. Dynamics include *p*, *cresc.*, *f*, and *p*. *ped.* markings are present.

Third system of musical notation, piano part. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, and *cresc.*. *ped.* markings are present.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano part. Dynamics include *p* and *cresc.*. *ped.* markings are present.

Fifth system of musical notation, piano part. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*. *ped.* markings are present.

Sixth system of musical notation, piano part. Dynamics include *p* and *dim.*. *ped.* markings are present.

pp cresc.

pp

cresc. f

f^{tr} sp

dim.

p cresc.



First system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex, arpeggiated texture. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) at the start, *cresc.* (crescendo) in the middle, and *p cresc.* (piano crescendo) towards the end.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with arpeggiated figures. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p cresc.* (piano crescendo) and *f* (forte).

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with trills and grace notes. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with trills and grace notes. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with trills and grace notes. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo), *sf* (sforzando), and *f* (forte).

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with trills and grace notes. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *decresc.* (decrescendo) and *pp* (pianissimo).

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a crescendo (*cresc.*) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a crescendo (*cresc.*) dynamic marking.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.



A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes a melody with various ornaments and fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4. The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. The title 'The Rose Tree' is written in a decorative font at the top right of the page.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The piece consists of 12 measures. The first measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The third measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The fourth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The fifth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The sixth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The seventh measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The eighth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The ninth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The tenth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The eleventh measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The twelfth measure is a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The piece ends with a double bar line.

[illegible]

Allegro molto e con brio.



cresc.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece begins with a treble staff containing a series of chords and a bass staff with a simple melody. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, then a quarter note B-flat, and a quarter note C. The piece ends with a final chord in the treble staff and a whole note C in the bass staff.

Adagio cantabile. (♩ = 60)

This musical score is for a piece titled "Adagio cantabile" with a tempo of 60 beats per minute. The music is written for piano and consists of six systems of staves. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) marking. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of three flats, and a 4/4 time signature. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *cresc.* (crescendo). There are also performance instructions like *Pa.* (Pia) and asterisks. The piece concludes with a final chord marked with a fermata.



First system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *pp* and *p*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes.

Second system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff continues the melodic development with slurs and accents. The bass staff maintains the harmonic support.

Third system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff includes triplet markings (*3*) and is marked *pp*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *cresc.* and *f*. The bass staff includes triplet markings (*3*) and is marked *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fifth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *ff*, *fp*, *decresc.*, and *pp*. The bass staff includes triplet markings (*3*) and is marked *fp*. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Sixth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *pp*. The bass staff includes triplet markings (*3*) and is marked *pp*. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score for piano, featuring six systems of staves. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, dynamic markings (*fp*, *p*, *cresc.*), and fingerings. The score is written in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs, along with performance instructions like *fp* (fortissimo piano), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The score is divided into six systems, each containing two staves. The first system includes a *fp* marking and a *cresc.* marking. The second system includes a *p* marking. The third system includes a *p* marking. The fourth system includes a *p* marking. The fifth system includes a *p* marking. The sixth system includes a *p* marking. The score is written in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs, along with performance instructions like *fp* (fortissimo piano), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The score is divided into six systems, each containing two staves. The first system includes a *fp* marking and a *cresc.* marking. The second system includes a *p* marking. The third system includes a *p* marking. The fourth system includes a *p* marking. The fifth system includes a *p* marking. The sixth system includes a *p* marking.

First system of a musical score for piano. It consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The left staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The music features a complex melody in the right hand with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. There are dynamic markings *f* and *pp* in the right hand, and *prf* and *dim.* in the left hand. Fingering numbers are present throughout.

Rondo.
Allegro. ($\text{♩} = 96$)

Second system of the musical score. It continues the piece with similar notation. The right hand has a melody with some rests, while the left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p* in both hands.

Third system of the musical score. The right hand features a more active melody with eighth-note patterns. The left hand maintains the accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *p*.

Fourth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melody with some grace notes. The left hand has a more complex accompaniment with beamed notes. Dynamic markings include *mf*, *p*, and *cresc.*

Fifth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melody with some grace notes. The left hand has a more complex accompaniment with beamed notes. Dynamic markings include *mf*, *p*, and *cresc.*



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. Bass staff has a *p* dynamic. Fingering numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are visible.

Second system of musical notation. Treble staff has a *mf* dynamic. Bass staff has a *poco* marking and a *cresc.* marking. Fingering numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are visible.

Third system of musical notation. Treble staff has a *ff* dynamic. Bass staff has a *p* dynamic. Fingering numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are visible.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingering numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are visible.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Fingering numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are visible.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble staff has a *cresc.* marking. Bass staff has a *f* dynamic and a *p* dynamic. Fingering numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are visible.





First system of musical notation. The treble staff features a complex melodic line with triplets and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a few notes and rests. Dynamics include *ff* and *p*. There are asterisks (*) and a circled 'a' in the bass staff.



Second system of musical notation. Both staves show continuous sixteenth-note passages. The treble staff has a melodic line, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment.



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests. The bass staff has a continuous sixteenth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *cresc.*



Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff has a continuous sixteenth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *dim.* and *p dolce*.



Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff has a continuous sixteenth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *dim.*



Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). The bass staff has a continuous sixteenth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*.



First system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, starting with a *p* dynamic and a *cresc.* marking. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The system concludes with a *ff* dynamic.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *fz* and *p* dynamics, and a *cresc.* marking. The bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *fz* and *sf* dynamics. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *sf* and *ff* dynamics. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *sf* and *p* dynamics, and a *decresc.* marking. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *pp*, *ff*, and *ffz* dynamics. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Morning Prayer.

(FOUR-PART ♢ SONG.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Adagio. (♩ = 84.)

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each consisting of a piano (piano) staff and a vocal staff. The piano staves are in C major and 4/4 time, with a tempo of Adagio (♩ = 84). The vocal staves are in C major and 4/4 time, with a tempo of Adagio (♩ = 84). The score includes various dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *cresc.* (crescendo), *sf* (sforzando), and *ten.* (tenuto). The piano staves also include fingerings and articulation marks. The vocal staves include lyrics and musical notation. The score is decorated with floral motifs at the top and bottom.